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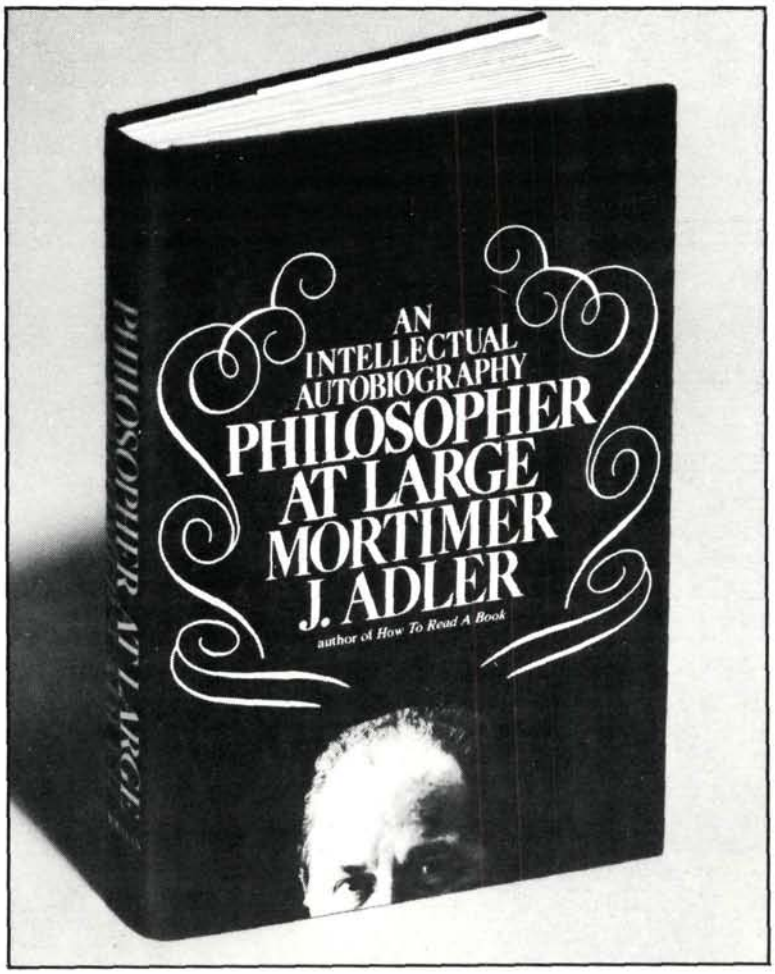

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It didn't start with Watergate

t the height of the Watergate hysteria, lexander Solzhenitsyn spoke from the oviet Union of the "dense hypocrisy haracteristic of today's American politi- al life," most notably "of the Senate eaders with their distorted view of the liscordant Watergate affair. Without in ny way defending Nixon or the Republi- can party, how can one not be amazed at he hypocritical, clamorous rage dis- played by the Democrats?"

Victor Lasky asked himself the same ques- tion. A newsman of forty years' experi- ence, he knew perfectly well that the Democrat closet was crammed with skele- tons. So he opened the door.

What he found shocked even that old pro. All the dirt from four dirty Democrat re- gimes . . . from FDR and Truman through JFK and Lyndon. Scandals half forgotten (and carefully *not* recalled during Water- gate); and other scandals suppressed until now.

Lasky never loses sight of the two over- ling truths:

- Th crat scandals would never have been ignored or suppressed, but for the buddy-buddy relationship of the Dems and their cronies in the media.
- Watergate would never have occasioned two years of media-fueled hysteria if the media had put Watergate in the context of 30 years of Democrat scan- dals (many of them far more serious).

So, it didn't start with Watergate. And now we finally have an honest book on the subject. Now the accusers stand accused.

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- Did leading Democrats and some newsmen know in advance that Watergate would happen?
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- New York newspaper prints the stolen medical records of a DA up for reelection—and righteously condemns the Ellsberg break-in.
- Dirty tricks for McGovern.
- FDR's son John on his father's bugging habits.
- Forgotten: the circumstances surrounding Teddy Kennedy's plane crash.
- The hypocrisy of Senator Weicker: it shocks even hardened colleagues.
- "The worst violation of civil liberties in American history"—dreamed up by two eminent liberals.
- High Kennedy official speculates: was JFK's murder "some kind of terrible retribution?"
- Democrat operator boasts of his dirty tricks—and gets hired by big-name Democrats.
- Harry Truman gets his start—courtesy of fake ballots.
- Former *Newsweek* editor candidly admits why we never heard about JFK's foul language.
- What LBJ did to Goldwater in '64—behind his back.
- Ervin declines to check his own staff for leaks.
- Radical backgrounds of key Ervin Committee aides.
- How a correspondent knew marijuana was introduced to JFK in the White House by one of his girl friends.
- What Hubert Humphrey knew, but didn't tell, about LBJ's eavesdropping.
- One newsman sneaks help to JFK in the Nixon debates.
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- Humphrey demurs when investigators finally decide to question him about irregular campaign finances. The astounding reaction of Sam Ervin.
- Archibald Cox tips his hand: of ten top aides, nine are super-Democrats.
- The liberal who witnessed JFK compound a felony, and laughed.
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- Martin Luther King Jr.'s scandalous private life.
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- JFK's impeachable offense.
- The bond between Chairman Rodino and the AFL-CIO.
- Hamilton Fish Sr. tells what it was like to be an anti-New Deal Congressman under FDR.
- Why the Ervin Committee refused to investigate pre-1972 scandals (except those allegedly involving Nixon).
- JFK confidant admits Kennedy wiretapping to Lasky.
- Spy squads at the Democrat conventions—directed by LBJ.
- The Senators on the Ervin Committee: where were they during the Bobby Baker investigation?
- The day Jack Anderson got caught—redhanded.
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- Devastating Republican counsel report from the Ervin Committee: suppressed.
- Victor Reuther's chilling memo to RFK on how to crush conservative leaders and groups—ignored by the media.
- Leading liberals hatch a wiretap scheme: the whole story.
- How FDR used the Presidency to enrich his sons.
- How Senator Sam saved the day when a Gulf Oil employee claimed questionable connections with all but one member of the Ervin Committee.
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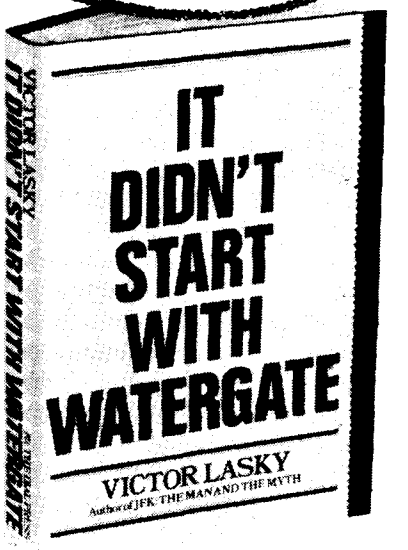

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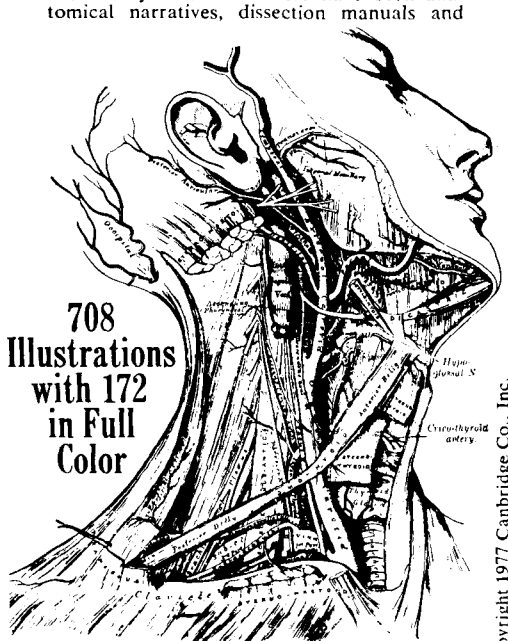

Fig. 283—Surgical anatomy of the arteries of the neck, showing the carotid and subclavian arteries.

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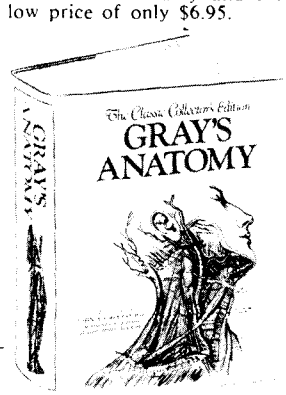

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Letters

HHH: A Tory's Tribute

"A Tribute to Hubert Horatio Humphrey: From the Opposition" [Dec. 23] was breathtaking, both in its audacity and in its integrity.

The audacity first. The doctrine of *nil nisi bonum* is scarcely new, but it has been carried to outrageous lengths in our time; and so I was distinctly nervous when I read: "Dear Lord, you must understand . . . that Hubert is *different* from most of your creatures. . . . I do not wish, for Hubert Humphrey, exemplary justice." This is *Hamlet* stuff, the last thing you expect to see in a present-day article about a beloved and seriously ill politician. But after a moment's reflection you realize that it is a terribly important point, these days when it seems that every newspaper carries a new article about the push to enact another couple of trillion dollars' worth of legislation as a "tribute" to Humphrey. Granted, the people who are pushing Humphrey-Hawkins have a vested interest in making our legislators incapable of distinguishing between Humphrey the man and Humphrey's policies.

And this is what I meant about integrity: for if Mr. Buckley does not allow himself to be seduced by Humphrey's personality into accepting his programs, neither does he allow his contempt for those programs to make him ignore Humphrey's worth as a person. That vignette in the airplane that he closes with is at once the funniest and the most touching thing I've read for a long, long time. This may not be the kind of tribute Humprey would want—but then again, given the picture of him that emerges from that last scene, it just may.

Chicago, Ill. JULIE WILCOX

Talking Back to the CFR

Zygmunt Nagorski ["A Member of the CRF Talks Back," Dec. 9] claims that the Council on Foreign Relations and *Foreign Affairs* have provided a forum for the expression of widely differing views. In my own special field, modern China, this claim is untrue.

During the past few years *Foreign Affairs* has published three articles advocating one view on U.S. China policy: that normalization of diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China is very important for the U.S., which should, therefore, accept Peking's demands for breaking all official relations with the Republic of China and ending any defense commitment to Taiwan.

It has not published, and in at least one case has refused to publish, any article stating the strong and widely held case for a different view: that the experience of other countries and the statements of the present PRC leaders indicate that the U.S. would gain very little by changing the present liaison offices to regular embassies, that accepting Peking's demand would reduce the credibility of all U.S. defense commitments and expose the people of Taiwan to Communist conquest, and that the U.S. should, therefore, insist on the German precedent—diplomatic relations with two governments that are in control of different parts of the same country.

Mr. Nagorski claims that credit is due the Council on Foreign Relations for challenging the former policy of trying to prevent all U.S. contacts with the PRC except the ambassadorial talks at Warsaw, which was a stupid policy. It is, apparently, unwilling to allow any challenge to the advocacy of a different, but equally stupid, policy. A possible explanation is that, at least in this field, the Council on Foreign Relations is completely committed to the views of one particular group of American intellectuals.

Chevy Chase, Md. MICHAEL LINDSAY
Professor Emeritus
Far Eastern Studies
The American University

The case for the conspiratorial nature of the CFR is circumstantial. Mr. Nagorski cannot deny that the CFR is a powerful center of influence. It is simply incredible that the collective influence of several hundred of our top specialists on international affairs, chosen only for their intellect and with no regard for ideology, could be so consistently exercised in favor of the Soviet Union.

The influence of the CFR is expressed primarily through its members who hold prominent positions in government, especially in the State Department. These officials have almost unanimously promoted a policy of what amounts to unilateral disarmament in the face of Soviet aggression. The result is the frightening imbalance of power now being revealed by Major General George Keegan Jr., retired chief of Air Force intelligence. Even brilliant specialists can be honestly mistaken. But why do they never make a mistake in our favor?

Asheville, N.C. DAN WALTERS

Your piece on the CFR omitted the points that most of the top-level government officials of the U.S. for many years have been CFR members, that the overwhelming ma-

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I've been rich and I've been poor. And rich is better.

You think you've got problems? Well, I remember when a bank turned me down for a $200 loan. Now I lend money to the bank—Certificates of Deposit at $100,000 a crack.

I remember the day a car dealer got a little nervous because I was a couple of months behind in my payments—and repossessed my car. Now I drive a Rolls Royce. I paid $43,000 for it—cash.

I remember the day my wife phoned me, crying, because the landlord had shown up at the house, demanding his rent—and we didn't have the money to pay it.

Now we own *five* homes. Two are on the oceanfront in California (I use one as my office). One is a lakefront "cabin" in Washington, (that's where we spend the whole summer—loafing, fishing, swimming, and sailing). One is a condominium on a sunny beach in Mexico. And one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii—Maui.

Right now I could sell all this property, pay off the mortgages—and walk away with over a half million dollars in cash. But I don't want to sell, because I don't think of my homes as "investments." I've got other real estate—and stocks, bonds, and cash in the bank for that.

I remember when I lost my job. Because I was head over heels in debt, my lawyer told me the only thing I could do was declare bankruptcy. He was wrong. I paid off every dime.

Now, I have a million dollar line of credit; but I still don't have a job. Instead, I get up every weekday morning and decide whether I want to go to work or not. Sometimes I do—for 3 or 4 hours. But about half the time, I decide to read, go for a walk, sail my boat or ride my bike.

I know what it's like to be broke. And I know what it's like to have everything you want. And I know that you—like me—can decide which one it's going to be. It's really as easy as that. That's why I call it "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

So I'm going to ask you to send me something I don't need: money. Ten dollars to be exact. Why? Because I want you to pay attention. And I figure that if you've got $10 invested, you'll look over what I send you and decide whether to send it back . . . or keep it.

Is the book "worth" $10? No—if you think of it as paper and ink. But that's not what I'm selling. What I *am* selling is information. *More* information than I give when I'm paid $1000 as a guest speaker. *More* information than I give in a one-hour consultation for $300.

But you're really not risking anything, because I won't cash your check or money order for 31 days after I've sent you my book. That's the deal, return the book in 31 days—and I'll send back your check or money order—uncashed.

How do you know I'll do it? Well, I've been checked out by the Security Exchange Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the United States Post Office, several State Attorney Generals, the local Bunco Squad and Better Business Bureau. I've been written up by Time, Forbes, United Press International, Money Magazine and Changing Times. I've been interviewed by a dozen newspapers—all the way from the L.A. Times to the London Daily Express. I've appeared on several TV shows and been a guest on several radio "talk" shows in the United States and Canada.

I'm not saying that these investigators and reporters "endorsed" me. But not one of them said that I was telling less than the complete truth.

You may be thinking: "I know how to get rich. Just write a book telling other people how to get rich." Could be. I've certainly done well at it. *But*—and this is very important—I wrote "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches" in 1973. My income in 1972 was $216,646 and my book tells just how I made that kind of money . . . working a few hours a day . . . about 8 months out of the year.

Maybe you'd be satisfied with a lot less than a million dollars. (I know I would, if making money took away from the thing I value most—the time I spend with Betty and our 8 kids).

Maybe you want a lot more. I have a friend that's worth at least 10 million dollars—and he'll *never* have enough. I don't understand it—but I know it's true.

Whatever *you* want, my book shows you just how to get it. Not "positive thinking"—*positive action* . . . what you can do *right now* . . . the first hour my book is in your hands. Step-by-step. One man phoned me to say: "Everybody else said 'Bake a cake.' You gave me the recipe."

I know you're skeptical. After all, what I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers, and maybe everyone else you know. I can only ask you one question.

How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you.

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—Stuart A. Cogan

Joe Karbo
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jority of Mr. Carter's Cabinet are members, and that the ruinous rad-lib idiocies of the past forty years have emanated from that pack of overstuffed plutocrats whose goals include destruction of the United States' sovereignty and our submission to a "one-world" fantasy begun by Woodrow Wilson and brought to its present imbecilic conclusion by FDR and his successors in ignorance.

If being trillions in debt, subsisting on borrowed funds, using fiat money, and squandering billions, much of which goes to prop up Communist regimes throughout the world, are indeed the products of "study" groups of CFR members, I urge them to do a helluva lot more studying with a new faculty of instructors, tend to their respective businesses, and quit trying to run the world through use of the Carnegie-Ford-Rockefeller money muscles.

Harrisburg, Pa. ROBERT J. DEMER

Addendum

Correspondent E. Jay Nilsson ["Letters," Sept. 16] listed in the United States those who constitute the Evolution Protest Movement: the Bible-Science Association, Institute for Creation Research, and Creation Research Society. The reader might presume that this exhausted the list. But Dr. R. L. Wysong, whom he quoted as authority, omitted mention of The Catholic Center for Creation Research, which published its first *Newsletter* in September 1975. Founder, editor, and PR enthusiast is Miss Paula Haigh, who can be reached at: CCCR, 1122 Garvin Place #113, Louisville, Kentucky 40203.

Graceville, Minn. EMMANUEL KELSCH

The Onslaught on Burke

M. J. Sobran Jr.'s review [Sept. 30] of Isaac Kramnick's pathography, *The Rage of Edmund Burke*, fails to bring out what look to be Kramnick's ulterior motives in writing about Burke. Whether or not Burke was homosexual (and the evidence that he was is stronger than Sobran suggests) is not for Kramnick the most important of issues. Rather, Kramnick wants, by showing that Burke was *in many ways* psychologically unbalanced, to argue that we are therefore forced to read Burke's writings not as contributions to political theory—since presumably only a sane writer can be expected to think usefully about political theory—but rather as causal products interesting only as they reveal the defects of their author's psyche. Kramnick means to show that Burke's politics are wholly explicable as symptoms of his general malaise.

Of course, Kramnick is hunting bigger game than the mere psycho-sexual idiosyncrasies of one eighteenth century philosopher. He means his diagnosis of Burke to serve current political ends. Those who appeal to Burke to bolster their political arguments are the immediate targets of Kramnick's attack: hence his contemptuous dismissals of Kirk, Stanlis, Hart, Kristol, Glazer, and—yes, even Arlington House publishers! (See p. 48.) Kramnick's ultimate enemy is conservatism itself; his entire study must be read in this oblique light. According to him, "It is the eternal longing of the conservative for the elimination of rational thought from politics which Burke proclaims." *This* is the final fruit of Kramnick's complex onslaught on the mind of Edmund Burke.

Charlottesville, Va. DOUGLAS L. PATEY
Department of English
University of Virginia

A Challenge

Naum Mandel (Korzhavin) wrote ["Letters," Nov. 25] about Vladimir Voinovich's *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin*, objecting to Victor Gold's review of the novel, which Mr. Gold treated as high comedy. Reader Mandel insists on the book's profundity.

The truth is: Vladimir Voinovich's (memorize the name) *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin* (solder that title to your synapses) is the funniest profound novel since Gogol's *Dead Souls*. As proof, I offer this challenge: read this novel without bursting into sustained laughter that brings tears to the eyes, try; close it when you have finished without the deepest sadness pervading your spirit, try; forget it—just try.

Camden, S.C. F. R. BUCKLEY

Mind over Matter

In his review of *The Totalitarian Temptation* [Aug. 2] Chilton Williamson Jr. apparently surrendered to the Left, and subsequently ridiculed, one of the greatest assets of free, thinking men: their mind power.

The concepts of mind over matter and the Ideal Form existed in the minds of some men long before their immediate application was staged in the sham known as the Communist state. And the fact is that the Communist states created to date have been characterized by none too subtle attempts to eliminate the "mind" portion of the "mind over matter" relation, and have only demonstrated that failure to allow the human mind to perform freely will result in catastrophe.

The advances made by Western Civilization in the last three centuries are more than enough to convince me that the concept of mind over matter is valid and quite utilitarian. I can see no reason why conservatives should shy away from this concept, especially since it is so obvious

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in the continued existence of NATIONAL REVIEW. Envision, if you dare, what this magazine would look like were it to be changed from a forum aimed at encouraging intellectual thought to a magazine whose publication costs were paid solely by commercial advertising.

Waynesville, N.C. JOHN ROLF CONE

Liddy and the Commissar

I could not avoid a slight twinge of the national conscience when you put back-to-back ["The Week," Sept. 30] the paragraphs about Gordon Liddy and the state of Russian psychiatry.

There is no doubt in my mind that Liddy was as much a political prisoner as any dissident Soviet writer. The brazen blackmail tactics of Judge Sirica differ too little from those of the Inquisition: Recant, accuse, and pledge allegiance, and you shall go free. Remain silent, and yours will be the most severe punishment.

Our law, pre Sirica, made it abundantly clear that no defendant could be forced to testify against himself, nor even be forced to take the witness stand. But the Constitution was brushed aside by Commissar Sirica, who patted the stool pigeons on the head and vented his terrible spleen on those who were honorable enough to keep their mouths shut about a tragic, stupid chapter in American politics.

We, who live in glass houses, must be careful with stones.

Kingston, N.C. JACK RIDER

If It Be of God

Just a line to thank you for publishing Fr. Smith's piece, "The Crack in the Anglican Dam" [Oct. 14]. It is the best thing I've seen in either secular or Church-related mags—I agree with every word but one: I'd have preferred "bettering" to "besting" in the comparison with King Henry VIII of detestable memory.

THE REV. CANON H. B. LIEBLER

Monument Valley, Utah

"The Crack in the Anglican Dam" was a welcome statement of the present situation. However, I believe it should be added that the essential reason for the formal establishment of the Anglican Church in North America is the formal apostasy of the Episcopal Church and the Anglican Church of Canada. The heresiarchs in control of these bodies are in the grip of secular humanism and they are, indeed, a well-organized band of fanatics. It is in fact they who have set up new churches; the Anglican Church in North America continues the Anglican intent to defend the Catholic Faith and Apostolic Order.

BAILIFF JOHN W. DE BADENBURG, KH
Grand Prior of America, OSJ

Houston, Tex.

Although I am one of those deeply troubled "orthodox Anglicans" whose concerns Sheldon Moody Smith so very well describes, I cannot view the prospect of schism with the same undisguised glee which he exhibits.

Granted, that the purported ordination of women is a fateful step. Granted too, that the revised prayer book is a liturgical Rosemary's Baby whose subtle doctrinal shifts many laymen cannot detect. Granted as well that other shocks are stored up by the "mitred radic-libs," to be visited on the faithful when opportunities present themselves. But if it is true that these outrages have been carried out by "a small but well-organized band of fanatics," as Dr. Smith asserts, then would it not stand to reason that now is the time for orthodox Anglicans to stand together and fight back? If we do not falter, these issues can be kept open beyond the 1979 General Convention, and perhaps, in God's good time, these tragic errors can be reversed.

There are still obstacles in the way of the proposed Anglican Church of North America. Does the new body have any assurance of recognition by the See of Canterbury? If not, how could it be considered Anglican? Can isolated parishes scattered across a continent hope to maintain active fellowship and establish a public identity, especially in the shadow of the well-known and established Episcopal Church? If not, the new church may be the twentieth century counterpart of the Old Catholics.

In short, I still believe orthodox Episcopalians can raise more heaven by standing together than by dividing in the face of the foe. After all, it is decidedly un-Christian to concede the ultimate triumph of error over Truth. He plainly told us that in the world we would have tribulation, but that we should be of good cheer, for He has overcome the world (John 16:33).

Bowling Green, Ky. STEPHEN P. SMITH

On Sex and Morality

A recent letter in your columns [by G. F. Norris, "Letters," Sept. 16] argued that society should proscribe less in order to avoid discouraging marginal contributions by such minorities as homosexuals. This oft-heard apology for a variety of aberrant behavior overlooks the true state of affairs. The lifestyles at issue are not being increasingly prohibited; quite the contrary, they are for the first time being *permitted*, and that is the issue. The domino theory applied here predicts not progressive exclusion, but progressive inclusion—to the detriment of the majority (or at least

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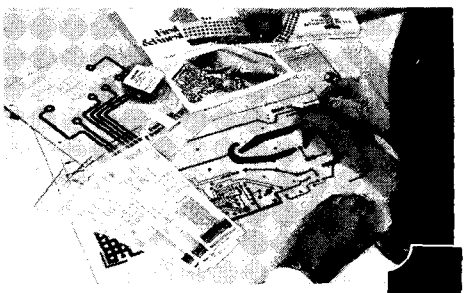

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against their will). To complete the letter-writer's reasoning logically, ask yourself not, "*when* homosexuals are excluded," but, "*since* homosexuals have been excluded, why have not 'left-handed people? Cross-eyed people? Knock-kneed people?' " Conclusion: These aberrations are not in the same class.

If morality cannot or should not be legislated, then the same holds for social change, which is an expression of morality. In the end, asking the majority for progressive suspension of moral judgment leads only to the gradual disintegration of all standards—legal and societal. A self-governing people that no longer holds to common standards based on consensus ceases to be self-governing.

Doylestown, Pa. PAUL TEMPKE

I have been a faithful reader of *NR* for almost two years now. I admire your sharp wit and piercing logic. I am, however, appalled at your attitude toward homosexuals. Yes, I am one.

In a recent editorial ["Yes, Virginia, There Is a PIE," Oct. 28] you rightly objected to the notion of pederasts' rights, but then you moved on to a shotgun blast against all homosexuals. You ask, "If homosexuality is not to be regarded as deviant behavior, what is?" The answer, of course, is: coercive sex. What two individuals mutually consent to do together, provided no third parties are injured, cannot be exploitative and should not be regarded as criminal. The proper question is therefore, "At what age is one capable of giving consent?" In homosexual matters, as in heterosexual, there is a certain arbitrariness in selecting any particular age. I am a homosexual; I have no interest in children. My answer to those paedophiles is probably the same that you would give to a heterosexual who professed an attraction for five- or ten-year-old girls.

You quote M. J. Sobran Jr., "while heterosexuals protest some acts and displays as debasing sexuality . . ." Don't you mean some heterosexuals? After all, most cases of rape or coercive sex are committed by men against women, most cases of child molestation are committed by adult male heterosexuals against girls (often their daughters), and most child pornography is directed toward male heterosexuals. I know of no homosexual problem that is not overshadowed by its heterosexual counterpart.

Lansing, Mich. NAME WITHHELD

A good point. The editorial in fact paraphrased rather than quoted what I had written: that heterosexual pornography "is protested by many *heterosexuals." Coercion, by the way, may be a decisive factor for a criminal code—but hardly for a moral code. The point is important because the "gay rights" movement demands change not only in criminal law but in public morals. More on this soon.*—MJS

A Pleasure

It was a distinct pleasure to read Tony Outhwaite's piece on Dexter Gordon [Sept. 30]. It was well written and well researched. I heartily recommend more jazz coverage. After all, the music is as American as the GOP.

Two minor complaints: your artist evidently chose to work from a photo of Charlie Parker, and the result is that the instrument in the drawing appears to be a hybrid—part alto sax, part bass clarinet.

In addition, it should be pointed out that Dexter Gordon has not returned to the U.S. to live. He *is* on tour here, but at this point he still resides in Denmark.

Bergenfield, N.J. BOB PORTER

The Lessons of Guilt

Norbert Muhlen states, in his review of *Nemesis at Potsdam*, that the Western press largely ignored the wholesale expulsions of the German minorities in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania.

I was a British correspondent in Germany at that time; and to my eternal shame I knew what was happening and did not write or do anything about it, though I did raise, successfully, the issue of the German generals treated as war criminals.

There are, I think, explanations—though certainly no excuses—for the betrayal of what Victor Gollancz called "our threatened values." (It is noteworthy that Gollancz was not only a left-wing figure but a Jew as well. Yet he was the most outspoken of all protestors.)

Americans were naturally weary of all the injustices arising from the interminable quarrels of a distracted Europe. They had been conned, as many thought (erroneously), into the war by reports of Nazi atrocities which they thought (also erroneously) to be a figment of British propaganda, and they were aching to be quit of a continent they or their forebears had given up as hopeless in the first place. It would, however, surprise me if American correspondents on the spot did *not* file protests, which their editors were disinclined to print. For British correspondents there was the added difficulty that in the four-page papers to which we were reduced for the next decade the wrongs of the enemy took last place. Had I reported them, I knew they would never have been printed, less from disinclination than sheer lack of space.

I feel the silence of the Christian Churches in the English-speaking world was less defensible. Perhaps the greatest lesson we should learn is to be less indignant at the way the Germans accepted Nazi atrocities in the years before. There at least some Christian clergy did object.

London GEORGE EDINGER

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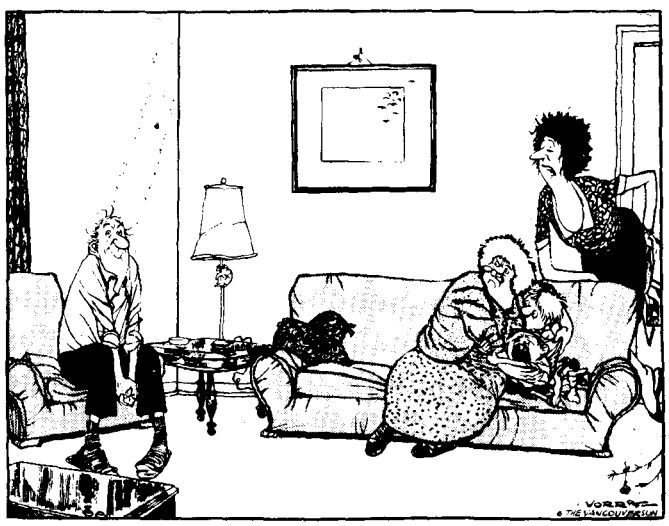
FOR THE RECORD

■ On balance, International Women's Year could have done better by the ladies. **Indira Gandhi**, one of the two women Prime Ministers as 1977 rolled in, staked all on an election, and lost. . . . Undaunted, **Mrs. Bandaranaike** of Ceylon, the other regnant dame, did the same, with the same results. . . . **Chiang Ching** started off the year as the honored widow of the late **Chairman Mao**, *ended it as a notorious mem*ber of the anti-capitalist-roading Gang of Four, present whereabouts unknown. . . . Also present whereabouts unknown, **Jovanka (Mrs. Broz) Tito**, not seen or mentioned in the official Yugoslav press since mid-June. . . . On the plus side, **Betty Williams** and **Mairead Corrigan**, the two Irish women who have led marches for peace in recent months, were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. . . . Here at home, **Bella** lost her second primary in a row, and remains in outer political darkness; but she's tossed her fedora in for **Ed Koch**'s seat in Manhattan's Silk Stocking District, next year. . . . **Barbara Jordan** decided to call it quits after four terms in the House . . . ERA supporters are distraught that **Phyllis Schlafly** won't, after all, take on Sen. **Charles Percy** in Illinois, which might have taken her out of their hair. . . . Ditto the Gay Community when *Good Housekeeping*'s readers named **Anita Bryant** their "Woman of the Year" (but then what can good liberals expect of a group so benighted as to have named **Pat Nixon** "Woman of the Year" just one year earlier). . . . Statistically, things were better for the ladies. For the first time there were more 18- and 19-year-old women than men in colleges in 1977, and women's **athletic scholarships** were up 67 per cent in a single year with 465 colleges and universities offering more than 10,000 athletic grants.



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

"Oh, he's all right. That strange wild look is pure ecstasy and anticipation. He's about to break the first of his New Year's resolution."

■ Facts and Figures: In 1977, the Soviet Union replaced the U.S. as the world's most prolific **overseas broadcaster**, and the number of radios in use worldwide topped the one billion mark for the first time. . . . There were more **skateboard** injuries in the U.S.—an estimated 375,000—than there were (non-professional) football injuries. . . . **Ford Motor Co.**, on its seventieth birthday, rolled off its 100 millionth car. . . . **General Motors** computed that it spent more money in 1976 (the last year it counted) complying with federal regulations than it took to run the country in its first 75 years—under the 15 Presidents from **Washington** through **Lincoln** (first term). . . . Of every five foreign cars sold in the U.S. in 1977, three were **Japanese**. . . . And in **Hungary**, consumers were advised to put in their car orders right away if they expect 1983 delivery. There are 300,000 Hungarians already ahead of them in line. . . . **Fire trucks** started the transition from red to yellow—yellow is more seeable at a distance. . . . **Canada** and **Italy** outranked the rest of the industrialized world in the number of days lost to strikes—an average of more than two days per worker. . . . And, yes, **U.S. taxes** were up in Fiscal '76—an average of $67 per capita.

■ Newspaper readers said their last goodbye in 1977 to **Li'l Abner**, **Daisy Mae**, **Mammy** and **Pappy Yokum**, and the other leading citizens of Dogpatch, U.S.A., as cartoonist **Al Capp** called it a day after 43 years in the business. . . . But **Little Orphan Annie**, **Sandy**, and **Daddy Warbucks** staged a great comeback in *Annie*, the musical surprise hit of the year. . . . Gov. **James Longley** and the good folk in Maine voted Dec. 21 **Chester Greenwood** Day, in honor of the 100th anniversary of the birth of the man who invented earmuffs. . . . Quite the most unusual benefit of the season was the Maoist *Guardian*'s theater benefit—Molière's *The Misanthrope*—for the **Attica prison rioters** defense fund. . . . But the holidays weren't quite the same without **Der Bingle** on hand to herald a "White Christmas" and **Guy Lombardo** to "Auld Lang Syne" the old.

■ And, **mirabile dictu**, the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW surveyed all this and much much more without succumbing even once to a plaintive B-h H--b-g.

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THE WEEK

■ Christmas in New York. Salvation Army Santas ringing their bells. The spectacular window displays of the great department stores—Altman's and Lord & Taylor's —rivaled by that of KLM Airlines. The gigantic Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center, with its brilliant numberless lights. The easy, cozy strains of Bing Crosby wafting, as if eternally, over the shoppers. The *Times*' Anthony Lewis doing his annual lament over the 1972 Christmas bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong.

■ Bella Abzug, who in a single year was defeated in her attempts to become U.S. senator from New York State *and* mayor of New York City, will probably soon be floating around the city like a balloon escaped from Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. With Ed Koch's elevation to Gracie Mansion, the 18th Congressional District is going to have to elect a new Representative, and so far Bella is the front-runner. This is a lamentable, but very interesting, phenomenon. The 18th is popularly known as the "Silk Stocking District" because it contains within its boundaries the posh East Side, with its rich clam-bed of bluebloods, celebrities, and tycoons. Through the 1950s, the 18th behaved like a silk-stocking district by returning relatively sober Representatives to Congress. But its last conservative was Fritz Coudert; after him came John Lindsay, and the rest is history. Now it is eyeing Bella, with palpable intentions of going all the way. Sad but true: another illustration of the fact that the so-called Best People, who used to be conservative, now tend to go in for New Class chic.

■ Jimmy Carter may eventually discover for himself that you can't go home again. Such, anyhow, is suggested by columnist Kevin Phillips. In a recent column, Phillips argues that, although the national polls—Gallup, Harris, and so forth—have yet to register the slippage, President Carter is growing increasingly less popular in the Southern states. For instance, an NBC–Associated Press poll gives Carter 43 per cent approval among Virginia voters; a *Miami News* telephone poll showed that 51 per cent of the respondents think Carter is doing a poor job; the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* investigated among Louisiana and Mississippi Democratic congressmen and reported that "Members say flatly that President Carter's political stock has dropped in Louisiana and Mississippi"; and a *Times-Picayune* poll run in late October found that 53 per cent rate the President unfavorably. The *Christian Science Monitor* says that, in the Ozark region, "some of the Southern country people who identified with him so well are beginning to have doubts." In Oklahoma, by the admission of its Democratic governor, the President's support is around 25 per cent, while in Texas it is slipping badly. "No small part of Mr. Carter's poll slump rests on unhappiness with his energy program and the Panama Canal treaties," concludes Phillips. "But it also seems fair to say, as several recent round-ups do, that Southerners are beginning to sour on the man as well as on his policy positions."

■ No offense, y'all. Recent American Mideast diplomacy seems to have been re-enacted in miniature at a recent dinner party given by Barbara Walters for the ambassadors of Egypt and Israel. According to unnamed guests, Carter aide Hamilton Jordan gazed at Egypt's ambassador's wife's bosom, reached to pull at her elasticized bodice, and said that he'd always wanted "to see the twin pyramids of the Nile." The point that there are three pyramids was not, under the circumstances, insisted on; and later, after Jordan had left the table ("This Administration has to relieve itself"), the seating arrangements were tactfully altered. He was placed at some distance from the Israeli ambassador's wife too, lest he seek to implement an even-handed policy.

■ After the *New York Post* published a big exposé of Wilfred Burchett, running dog of the KGB, poet laureate of germ warfare, and interrogator of American POWs, lo! it came to pass that the Wilfred Burchett Support Committee sprang into existence. Led by Corliss Lamont, the WBSC took out an ad in the *New York Times* to denounce the "campaign of vilification" and "absurd" and "fabricated" charges against "one of the world's most respected foreign journalists," with testimonials from William Kunstler, Noam Chomsky, Dave Dellinger, Sidney Lens, the National Lawyers Guild, and the *Guardian,* plus

Jane's

Their facts suggested Dewey's fleet
Would lead the Spanish to defeat,
And, later, that the Japanese
Would bring the Russians to their knees.
In '14, although Jellicoe
Insisted everything was "go,"
Jane's even-handed writers warned
That German shells should not be scorned.
More recently, since Jimmy said
The B-1 bomber fleet is dead,
The editors of *Jane's* suggest
That this decision dooms the West.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

'Tis the season to be jolly. But 'tis also the season to read all those Washington books that have been piling up, and that makes it hard to be jolly. Most of them aren't worth reading. There are those awful novels that wouldn't have been published by a vanity press had their authors been named things like Spiro Glutz or John Ehrlichop. There are the ghosted confessional books, with their ghosted emotions. There are the issue books, also ghosted, carrying the name of some politician gearing up for re-election or making his pitch for higher office. There are those deadly-dull memoirs by ex-Cabinet officers, *always* ghost-written, as are the reminiscences of our former Presidents and Vice Presidents.

All these books have two things in common: they read as if they were written on a typewriter by someone wearing mittens, and they don't tell us anything. Nevertheless, although they generally provide less satisfaction than a steady diet of pistachio nuts, those of us unfortunate enough to make our livings by writing about what happens here continue to read them. And occasionally it pays off. Every now and then we reach into the pile and pull out a real one, written by a real person, which tells us how something works in Washington and what the people are like who make it work.

One such book from the current pile is Robert Shogan's *Promises to Keep* (Crowell, $8.95). Shogan, who covers Washington for the *Los Angeles Times*, was given carte blanche to roam the White House during Carter's first one hundred days. He watched Carter and his aides at work, traveled with them, and sat in on Cabinet and senior-staff meetings. This book is the result.

Shogan, working on his fourth President, is a first-rate reporter. But he is more than that. He is also a fine writer, with the natural writer's eye for significant detail and ear for just the right word or phrase. Thus, through their own words and actions, we learn who the Administration's weak sisters and strong men are. We are caught up in the secretive and conspiratorial atmosphere in which the energy program was developed, and we come to certain conclusions about Carter and Schlesinger and their relationship. We listen to Carter's image-builders and politicos plotting strategy, and our reaction—or at least the reaction of this reader—is, So what else is new? We listen to Carter's closest advisors, we watch them in action, and many of our suspicions about this Administration's arbitrary and slapdash approach to policy matters is confirmed. But above all, we watch and listen to Carter himself. For as Shogan shows us, this Administration, perhaps more than any other in recent history, is strictly a one-man show.

Thus, because this Presidency is so much the function of one man's psyche, it is extremely important to understand the man, to get a feel for this character. Some things Shogan tells us we already know. Carter is an extremely hard worker, neat, efficient, demanding, possessed of a drive and a certain intolerance and hard-headedness that have already alienated many Democrats in Congress. But there are other things that may not be so apparent. Shogan believes, for instance, that Carter has an extremely strong streak of fiscal conservatism, and he demonstrates this by showing Carter turning thumbs down on any plan for welfare reform which would cost more than the present system.

But it is on the subject of Carter's religion that Shogan really breaks new ground. Early on in the primaries, a great deal was written about that religion. But now the subject seems to have been dropped, almost as if it were just one more campaign ploy, unrelated to the job of running the country. But Shogan doesn't think so. Rather, he believes that Carter's complex character—both humble and self-righteous, forgiving and judgmental—and the way he does his job are the direct result of the natural tensions created by the religion which structures his life. Thus, the effects on his performance in office are profound. As Shogan puts it, "It is impossible to separate Carter's faith from his Presidency."

There is more than just speculation involved here. Shogan is a very good reporter, and he thought to do what apparently has occurred to no other reporter in Washington—he went to the First Baptist Church in Washington and listened very carefully to a lesson Carter taught to the congregation. The points raised in that lesson, and what it tells us about Carter, are too complex to explore here. Suffice it to say that the chapter in which it is discussed, "The Eye of a Needle," is in itself worth the price of this book.

Shogan set out to tell us what the first one hundred days of Carter's Administration were like. But in the process he did a good deal more. During those early days, the Administration established its *modus operandi*. And, given the character of the man who heads it, that is not likely to change significantly over the next three years. Thus, Shogan's book is also a guide to what probably lies ahead. So if you'd like to know what we may all be in for, I'd suggest you pick *Promises to Keep* out of that pile of Washington non-books. It may not make you jolly, but I think it will tell you something.

—CATO

---

eight (unfavorable) allusions to Joe McCarthy. Burchett has now finished his U.S. tour, and a principal source of pollution will presumably soon depart these shores.

■ Keep an eye on Ethiopia's Lieutenant Colonel Mengistu. Though he cannot yet be classed in a league with Cambodia's Pol Pot, he has good natural instincts and shows great promise. A recent deserter from the Ethiopian army to the Eritrean guerrillas gave as his reason for switching sides the fear that he would soon be purged, a fate that has already befallen hundreds of his comrades. Starting November 17, after Ethiopian troops suffered three setbacks, Mengistu's death squads went to work assassinating any troops deemed lacking in enthusiasm. The deserter told of ten truckloads of handcuffed Ethiopian solders who were taken to a mass grave, shot in the back, and buried. Mengistu's death squads do not discriminate: they kill civilians as well as soldiers. Two U.S. congressmen, Representatives Don Bonker (D., Wash.) and Paul E. Tsongas (D., Mass.), have just

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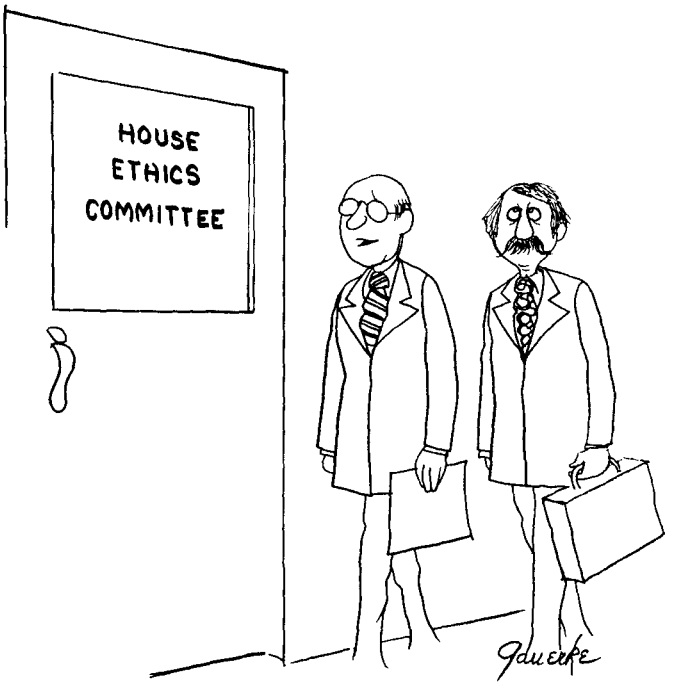
completed a warts-and-all tour of Ethiopia. They saw, in addition to Soviet MiGs in the Addis Ababa airport, the bodies of "counter-revolutionaries" strewn about the countryside or put on display to ensure proper revolutionary spirit. But the visit also had its positive side. The pair had what Bonker termed an "illuminating" discussion with Mengistu, and when they left Ethiopia they had drawn up several recommendations for their House colleagues, one of which called for a continuance of U.S. economic aid. Who knows, with American money Mengistu may be able to afford individual graves.

■ HAPPY DAYS DEPT.: Sexual Puritanism is flourishing in the People's Republic of China. According to a new book released in France, most Chinese believe the Communist Party slogan that admonishes: "Making love is a mental illness that wastes time and energy." The author, French physician Georges Valensin, bases his conclusions on his own year of research in China, and on a study of Shanghai high school students by a Canadian psychiatrist. "Although the sexes are mixed everywhere," says Valensin, "they act toward one another with a complete lack of what could be called sexual recognition." Dancing is prohibited, and such provocative displays of affection as hand-holding and kissing are frowned upon. Premarital sex is anathema. Even for married couples, the official party line limits sexual relations to a "maximum" of twice a week—and then only if the pair is young and robust. Makes Cotton Mather seem a libertine.

■ Father Donald Shea, formerly of St. Joseph's College in Indiana, has a new calling. For the past four months he has been searching for Republican souls in Democratic bodies for the greater glory and, he prays, salvation of the Republican Party. As director of the Republican National Committee (ethnic-Catholics division) in Washington, Father Shea is analyzing the ethnic composition of every congressional and senatorial district in the country, searching for those offering a large pool of ethnic Catholics who have had a private school education. When Father Shea locates them—he says there are many—the districts will receive an abbreviated Republican gospel calling for free enterprise, neighborhood schools, individual initiative, all of which Father Shea thinks ethnic Catholics easily identify with. Already in his sights is the 12th congressional district in Massachusetts, which is 53.2 per cent Catholic, 31 per cent ethnic, and is now represented by Gerry E. Studds, a Democrat who boasted a zero ACU rating in 1976.



"One thing Koreagate has taught me: there's one law for the powerless; another for the Democrats."

■ An ambitious new program begun by the American Conservative Union's Education and Research Institute may help to bring some ideological balance to the corps of U.S. journalists. The idea is to train college students in reporting fundamentals, but "within the context of traditional values." Daily research assignments, internships with professional journalists, and weekly seminars will be part of the program, which has an advisory board of a dozen distinguished editors and publishers. Send inquiries to: Mr. Fred Mann, National Journalism Center, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

■ The Consumer Product Safety Commission has been in existence four years, during which time it has considered and established regulations on three products (swimming pool slides, matchbooks, and architectural glass), and considered three other products without establishing regulations (television sets, aluminum wire, and power mowers). Tab to taxpayers: $157 million.

■ Two cement burgers, fries, and a Coke please, and hold the asphalt. Three farmers in Georgia have dis-

Jimmy's Social Security Legacy

Napoleon left France his famous Code;
Augustus covered Rome with marble slabs.
The Czars left Russia ready to explode,
While Charlemagne left Europe up for grabs.
Inevitably, every leader blabs
About the things he'll leave for me and thee;
Thus, Lindsay left us potholes for our cabs
And Empress Catherine left a legend. (Whee!)
Some leave their impress firm in history;
Caligula left lots of people ill.
St. Peter left the Pontiff with a Key,
While Antoinette left France with quite a bill.
The best have left us at a loss for words.
What Jimmy's leaving us is for the birds.

W. H. VON DREELE

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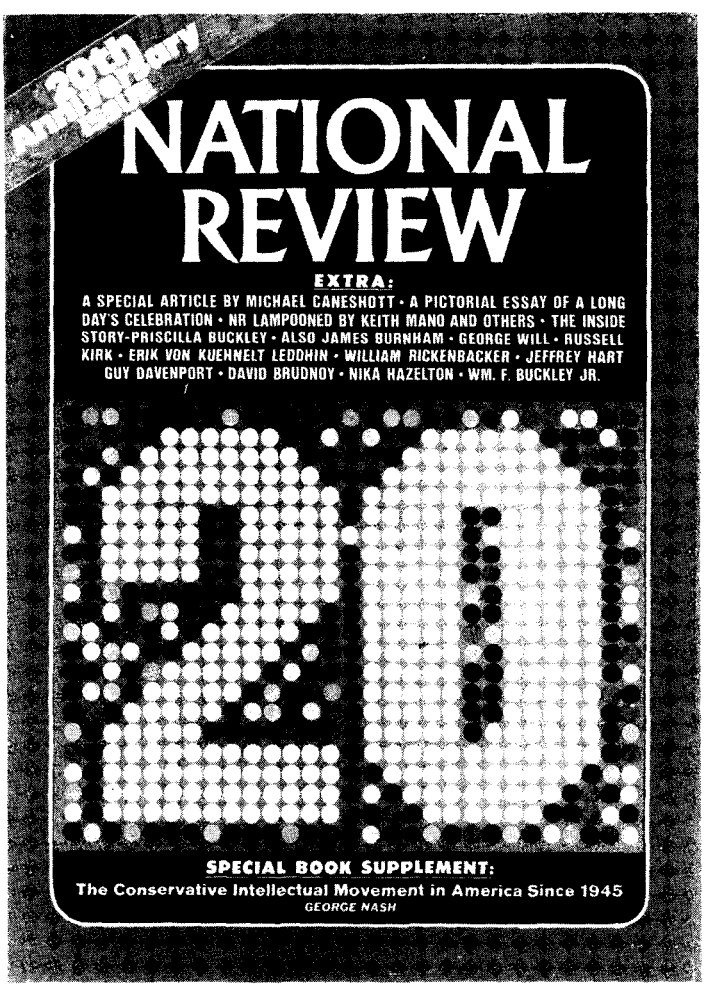
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covered, and the Department of Agriculture has confirmed, that cattle fed cement dust not only gain weight faster but produce better grades of meat, with no apparent ill effects.

■ What is a pretty face worth? Marilyn Denslow, 29, is suing the Boston zoo for $20,000 for scars received when she was pecked on the nose by a stolen cockatoo.

■ NEW YEAR'S NOTES. German researchers claim you can keep drinking and stay relatively sober if you add fructose and vitamin C to your drinks.

■ In Indianapolis, a would-be bank robber, described as black, 5 feet 6, 130 pounds, wearing a green felt hat with a yellow braided band, a black shirt with a pink embroidered figure, and gold-rimmed, tinted sunglasses, botched his hold-up attempt, but managed to melt into the crowd and elude police.

The 95th, First Session

All in all, not such a bad congressional year for we the people. To be sure, the diligent House managed to pass 704 bills, the Senate only 684, and the President signed 209 of them into law. And for every bill there will be a new regulation and for every new regulation a bureaucrat to enforce it and generally bollix things up. But the combination of a new and inexperienced President, who surrounded himself with new and inexperienced aides, and a House and Senate under new leadership (Tip O'Neill instead of Carl Albert, Robert Byrd instead of Mike Mansfield) tended to slow things down legislatively.

The Carter Administration came in like a lion, throwing massive programs at the Congress for labor and welfare reform, election reform, tax reform, energy reform, a ceiling on hospital costs, and a consumer protection agency. By the time the 95th, first session, called it quits on December 16—two months after Robert Byrd's first tentative adjournment date—very little had been produced.

—Labor got the minimum wage raised to $2.65 from $2.30 in 1978, with a floor of $3.35 mandated by 1981, and the House passed an AFL-CIO-backed bill which strengthened the National Labor Relations Board and made organizing efforts easier. But labor was slapped down in its attempt to pass the common situs picketing bill early in the session. This forced AFL-CIO strategists to take stock of the mood of the Congress, and plans to reopen the right-to-work issue on the federal level were quickly shelved.

—Welfare reform was abandoned.

—Even Tip O'Neill was unable to get Carter's four-edged election program—instant registration, repeal of the Hatch Act, federal subsidies to congressional elections, abolition of the Electoral College—through Congress, and some portions of the program are now believed to be interred for at least the remainder of this Congress.

—Tax reform per se went by the board, but at the 11th hour, on December 16, the House and Senate finally voted a Social Security tax package that will end up tripling that tax on the upper salary levels in the next ten years.

—The battered energy program is still in conference, with the House and Senate unable to agree on the two key clauses, decontrol of natural gas and the well-head tax.

—Hospital costs may continue to soar: the bill to put a limit of roughly 9 per cent on them died; so apparently did the White House impetus for a National Health Insurance program.

—The Consumer Protection Agency got nowhere, but the consumerists could console themselves partially by the presidential veto of the Clinch River reactor—which veto may not end up killing that project, however. Funds for the Clinch River have been tacked on to a supplemental appropriations bill that will reach the President's desk early next year.

And some really divisive foreign policy subjects—Panama, SALT, Cuba, and Taiwan—did not even come up for congressional action.

On the basis of legislative achievement, the Carter team had a rough time of it in 1977, and there's little indication the going will be any smoother in the year ahead.

SALT Updates

The way things are going, our SALT II negotiators would probably hand over the Brooklyn Bridge, if the Soviets asked for it. Since October, we have:

—devised a supposed lowering of the 1974 ceilings on delivery systems which in fact *raises* the Soviet limit, since the new agreement excludes Backfire bombers from Soviet totals;

—accepted a Soviet agreement to hold Backfire production to the current rate, without telling us what that rate is;

—settled for a 6 to 1 disadvantage in MIRV payload capacity which makes sitting ducks of the present Minuteman system ("People who say we have to have Minuteman to survive are going to have a hard time with lots of SALT agreements"—Secretary of Defense Harold Brown);

—offered to delay development of the MX mobile missile program, which alone could give the now-stationary Minutemen a fighting chance;

—persisted in our willingness to restrict for three years the range of the hedge-hopping cruise—restrictions

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which the Administration insists are moot, since the cruise wouldn't be ready within three years anyway, but which critics fear set an unfortunate precedent for SALT III.

Observing all this, our NATO allies have grown as fretful as bettors with bank accounts riding on Harold Stassen. In Brussels this December, when America made its traditional exhortation to the Europeans to spend more on defense, the Europeans responded by offering to buy cruises. The French meanwhile are considering developing cruises of their own. NATO traditionally keeps silent on such matters; "We are linked to you 100 per cent," explained one German diplomat, "a condition that discourages argument." But who wants to be linked to a loser?

Yale's Metaphor

Mayor Ed Koch of New York and Professor A. Bartlett Giamatti, Yale's new president, ought to get together, because they have a lot in common. Both face the task of cleaning up the institutional and financial mess left to them by the 1960s—a mess for which flashy, charismatic liberal leadership was largely responsible.

In its present circumstance Yale constitutes a splendid metaphor. Mr. Giamatti will inherit a large and growing deficit, a Rube Goldbergish administrative structure, a faltering fund drive, and an alumni body which has had it up to here with radical chic.

During the halcyon days of the 1960s, buoyed by a surging stock market and by federal cash, Yale expanded dramatically. Courses and programs proliferated. The arts metastasized. Expensive minority recruiting was pushed. Admission of alumni offspring shrank. Official solicitude was manifested for Black Panthers. Gaily, the administration ate into Yale's huge endowment. At Yale as elsewhere liberal leadership proved to be energetic in expending both financial and moral capital accumulated by others.

The party is obviously over. Alumni offspring now make up 20 per cent of the freshman class. The next president will have to make heavy spending cuts to balance the books. Talk is widespread about the need for a "core" to the curriculum, the unsatisfactoriness of miscellaneous and unstructured electives.

Not surprisingly, at least three individuals turned down the Yale presidency. Now that Professor Giamatti has accepted it, there is added symbolism in the fact that he is a humanist, a student of Renaissance literature. He is a genuine scholar, and not a Big Relevant Thinker. But cleaning up after the orgy will not be an enviable task.

Yankee Doodle

Howard Baker came to town
A-loaded with baloney;
He struck a blow for ghettos while
Republicans looked stony.
Howard Baker, keep it up—
If you think it's dandy
For the GOP to be
What Amos was to Andy.

W. H. VON DREELE

Du côté de chez les Democrates

"If I've ever seen an issue that's a Democratic issue, it's this issue," thundered Tip O'Neill during the House debate on the new Social Security bill. In which case, God have mercy on the Democrats, for the taxpayers should have none. The largest peacetime tax bite in history, the bill will swallow $227 billion between now and 1987; by the end of that period, the Social Security tax rate will have breasted 7 per cent. As an extra slap in the faces of those from whose pockets most of the booty will be lifted, House conferees rejected a proposal by Senator William Roth (R., Del.) to throw a $250 sop to parents of college students. It could be worse: Carter's initial plan called for most of the burden to be shuffled onto the shoulders of employers; as it now stands, employers and employees will continue to struggle along in parity, so that both job formation *and* worker buying power will be maimed. The bill is also expected to leech private pension funds, and the investment capital they provide. All in all, quite a debauch. Congress did retain sufficient presence of mind, however, to postpone the first tax hike until after the 1978 elections.

Meanwhile, still waiting in the wings is Humphrey-Hawkins. Carter's cosmeticians have retouched some of its grosser features—instead of shooting for 3 per cent unemployment by 1981, the bill now settles for 4 per cent by 1983. Whatever the final figures, however, the bill is not likely to avoid the melancholy defects of current public jobs programs. According to the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA) of 1973, public jobs are supposed to be "meaningful," i.e., capable of leading to future employment. But, as the *Wall Street Journal* points out, " 'meaningful' jobs these days require sophisticated skills. . . . So CETA jobs which meet this guideline turn out to be too complicated for the hard-core urban poor, and the program winds up hiring . . . the people most likely to find productive jobs elsewhere." Moreover, by funneling its money through state and local governments, CETA encourages them to charge new hiring to the federal tab, and to abide (if they are honest) by the federal controls which follow.

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"If the present relatively small program is in such confusion," the *Journal* concludes, "what is going to happen if Humphrey-Hawkins pushes public employment into something really big?" Tune in next year and find out.

Wobbly Dollar

When the dollar can't hold its own against the British pound and Italian lira, we must be doing something wrong. Yet the Administration still prefers to blame the Germans and Japanese.

When foreigners prefer holding yen or marks to holding dollars, it is a fair guess that they expect those currencies to hold their value better than dollars. So the main reason for a falling dollar is fear of greater inflation in this country than abroad.

The huge U.S. trade deficit largely reflects this country's relatively rapid economic growth (both real growth and inflation), which means that foreigners find it easier to sell to us than we do to them. Oil imports account for only about $8 billion of the $24-billion increase in our trade deficit in 1977.

The trade deficit could be financed with the voluntary private investments of foreigners, with minimal strain on foreign exchange markets, if there were much confidence in the U.S. commitment to pursue reasonably noninflationary policies. Instead, foreign central banks (notably British and Arabian) have mopped up something like $25 billion in Treasury securities to shore up the dollar and help finance half of last year's budget deficit.

The last time that happened, in 1972-73, the flood of dollars abroad became the base on which foreign money supplies exploded—effectively exporting our inflation. This time, other nations appear less willing to play that game. As a result, our fiscal and monetary profligacy may more quickly be felt in higher inflation at home, as the dollar falls and therefore the dollar prices of internationally traded commodities rise.

More on the Shroud

Research on the Shroud of Turin goes forward with intensifying sophistication, and a good deal of cultural excitement resides in the fact that the most advanced technology is being brought to bear on this ancient object. Earlier this year, at a conference in London, scientists threw more light on the Shroud and its history.

Max Frei, a pollenologist from Zurich, reported on his microscopic study of pollen from fifty different plants taken from between the fibers of the Shroud. His most significant conclusion: "It was possible to identify pollen of a significant number of plants from the Palestine desert—including some which do not grow in surrounding deserts—and from the Anatolian steppes of Turkey. My findings must be interpreted as valid proof that during its history the Shroud was exposed to the air in Palestine and Anatolia." The importance of Frei's findings lies in the fact that previously there had been no confirmed non-European history of the cloth.

Another important investigation was carried out by Eric Jumper, a professor of aerodynamics at the Air Force Academy. Using techniques developed in connection with photographs of Mars, Jumper demonstrated that the darkness of the image is in direct proportion to distance from the body. Furthermore, the Jumper analysis shows that the image has a peculiar three-dimensional quality unlike that of either paintings or photographs.

Other experts are projecting X-ray efflorescence analysis and newly developed spectroscopic analysis. Radiocarbon dating techniques are advancing so rapidly that tests involving only one linen thread of the garment may soon be feasible.

Christmas in the Ukraine

Prior to the imposition of Marxism-Leninism on Russia, Christmas festivities for the Ukrainians included an old popular carol entitled "Nova Radist' Stala" ("The Joyous News Has Come to Us"). Writing in the *Journal of Popular Culture*, Dan B. Chopyk, a Ukrainian who now teaches at the University of Utah, shows what changes the carol has undergone in recent years. The original verse:

The joyous news has come
Which never was before,
Over a cave, above a manger,
A bright star has lit the world,

Where Jesus was born
From a Virgin Maiden,
Clad in raiment poor
Like a peasant baby.

The shepherds with a lamb
Surrounded the child,
And on 'flected knees
They him glorified:

"We beg you, our King,
We pray to you today:
Grant happiness and joy
To this family."

Clever Soviet authorities knew they could not simply ban the reactionary carol, but had to replace it with something equally evocative. Their effort resulted in two versions, one as delicately refined as the other:

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The joyous news has come
Which never was before,
A red star with five tails
Has brightly lit the world.

The altars, they have crumbled,
And all the kings have fallen.
Glory to the working people,
To shepherds and the ploughmen!

Glory to our host
And to his fair hostess!
May their friendly household
Know only happiness.

May all their family,
Especially the children,
Grow up to be strong and happy,
So's to fight the rich men.

The second version, as moving as the first, has the added attraction of including the Soviet deity cradled in Red Square:

The joyous news has come
Which never was before,
Long-awaited star of freedom
Lit the skies in October.

Where formerly lived the kings
And had the roots their nobles,
There today with simple folks
Lenin's glory hovers.

Finally, although you will not find this in any Soviet song books, there is the version of present-day Ukrainians, those living inside as well as outside the Iron Curtain. To the Soviet version of "Joyous News" they have appended a closing stanza:

We beg you, our Lord,
We pray to you today:
Grant us freedom, return glory
To our mother, Ukraine!

Crown of St. Stephen

On January 6, the Carter Administration plans to return the Crown of St. Stephen to Hungary, or, more precisely, plans to turn it over to the present Kadar regime in Budapest. An ancient relic, the Crown is said to have been given to Hungary's first king, Stephen, in the year 1000 for his coronation by Pope Sylvester II. Since the end of World War II it has been in U.S. custody. Last fall, President Carter decided to present it to the Budapest government, a decision that is being resisted in the courts.

The principal objection to Carter's move is that the Crown has been a traditional symbol of Hungarian independence and of legitimate authority. The Kadar regime rode to power on Soviet tanks and over the corpses of Hungarian freedom fighters. No one believes the regime would last 15 minutes in the absence of those tanks. The regime thus lacks moral legitimacy, and Hungary, independence.

The issue, of course, is "symbolic"—but, of course, what symbols do is symbolize; that is, they point to meanings. By turning over the Crown the Carter Administration is saying again what it has said in various ways repeatedly during its year in office: that leftist dictatorships merit a stamp of approval.

Last week, Judge June L. Green of the U.S. District Court in Washington refused to block the transfer of the Crown, but the decision is being appealed to the Supreme Court.

Here It Comes . . .

In the Year of Our Lord 1978 the Communist countries will suffer a disappointing harvest, which will be explained, with the usual straight face (needing dental work), by the usual reference to the unusual weather, which has been remarkably usual: 61 consecutive years of poor growing weather following the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917.

Vice President Mondale—everybody calls him Walter—will average about seven hours' sleep each day, and seven each night. The remaining two hours (the Vice President is restricted to a 16-hour day, rain or shine; only the President is permitted a 24-hour day) will be spent in creative play or malicious mischief or assault with a deadly weapon, such as the tongue.

Mr. Billy Carter—everybody calls him Sir—will apply for a patent on that chain-mail tunic and helmet fashioned from the poptops of beer cans (reticulated and decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections, as Dr. Johnson would have said, Sir).

Whatshisname, the President's distinguished advisory panel, will propose a complete rewrite of the tax statutes, a radical reformation of Society Security total federal control of the fuel industry, abandonment of Guantanamo, a trillion-deficit to be followed by a balanced budget within thirty years, a leaf-raking program to take effect in the spring, adoption of the metric system in organized sports, the remission of sins, the adoption of chain-mail tunics as the official uniform of the Civil Defense Corps, increased consumption of fluids, comprehensive socialized medical care, mandatory jail sentences for patients who refuse to be treated, prison

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reform, zero-base budgeting, across-the-board action to prevent dumping of cheap foreign goods in this country, positive programs to halt the price rise, mandatory jail sentences for stockholders of companies that trade with South Africa unless they also trade with Israel, complete disarmament by 1981 except in case of global warfare, improved English prose in official publications, nicer weather, higher pay for federal employees, resumption of trading in National Bank of Georgia common stock (everybody calls it wallpaper), streamlining of the criminal justice system, with mandatory jail sentences for the non-streamlined, a national physical fitness program, amnesty for those convicted of child molestation during the Vietnam War, general reform of federal election laws, deregulation of wooden pencils, better manners in public restaurants, candor in government (list incomplete).

The Congress, faced with this work-load, will vote itself a pay increase and stand for re-election with its feet firmly planted in the trough. Sixty-eight per cent of the American people will disdain to soil themselves by taking part in this national disgrace. And it's the knaves again, by two to one.

The Food and Drug Administration will discover that Billy beer, when sloshed down the gullets of rats in sufficient volume, causes cancer in the animals and higher average daily balances in the checking accounts of the Carter family—everybody calls them Schlitz—in the National Bank of Ole Bert. Asked about his brother's allegedly carcinogenic brew, Jimmy he say: "The national fight against this dread disease [smile] and this Administration has been in the forefront [frown] as evidenced by the fact that ole Charlie and ole Tommy Joe who were the researchers in the Food and Drug, uh, Administration [smile] who produced this laboratory finding that you refer to, Jim, were actually appointed, nominated, by this Administration, and I have not studied their report but am taking steps to have it researched and can tell you honestly that it is a report that deserves the most serious [smile] study."

Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal—everybody calls him W.—will attend monetary conferences at various spots that have good restaurants: Geneva, Paris, Tokyo, Hong Kong. As a result, the industrial nations will announce that they will return to the wampum standard, and the price of gold, in terms of wampum, will skyrocket, bringing prosperity to the wampum belt. Jimmy—everybody calls him Mister President—will hail this innovation as the most important monetary agreement in world history, which was Mr. Nixon's line when the boys fixed the price of gold at $42. Gold will be at about $210 at year's end.

Secretary of State Cyrus Vance will visit 135 foreign countries in his continuing effort to discover whether the United States has a foreign policy. Why yes, he will discover while undergoing treatment for gastric poisoning in a Third World capital: the United States has foreign policies like bowel movements—one a day. The old cloaca-and-dagger bit.

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will accuse the Administration of violating the statutes against feeding beer to rats (a program supervised by OSHA). Jimmy he turn the thing over to the Attorney General, but Billy he say, or someone say he say, "Hell they put rats in the beer, why not beer in the rats?" Billy later deny this on national teevy hookup, for $5,000 plus expenses. Jimmy say he stick to Scotch, hisself.

Whole year go by like that. Ham, Jimmy, Jody, Cy, W., Chuck, Paul, Harry, Juanita—the Who Dat Administration go round and round, where he stop no one know.

Judge not them, but rather thank them for the merriment they provide. We'll look beyond the trash and the jesters, and pay our court to the King of Kings.

—W. F. RICKENBACKER

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Tuesday and Wednesday of last week I spent sitting at various desks and standing in odd corners in the offices of NATIONAL REVIEW. Professor Jeffrey Hart, whose student I am at Dartmouth, had invited me to *NR* from my internship in Washington, saying, "It would be good for you to see the way a magazine gets put together."

I was of little use to anyone. Mrs. Sobran dispelled the awkwardness of the first few moments on Tuesday by giving me three or four galley sheets to proofread, and Professor Hart helped make me feel comfortable by assigning me a paragraph to do on Chinese executions. (When I handed him the piece, Professor Hart edited kindly, using a scalpel instead of the butcher's cleaver which would have done the job faster.) For the most part, though, I merely observed, as if through the bubble at the top of an operating room.

What I saw fascinated me. I'm sure it would have fascinated James Thurber or Henry Luce as well, but with less power than it held for this college junior whose first taste of professional journalism it was. The workings were at once more complex and more relaxed than I had imagined. Technical aspects bewildered me. ("How many words on a page?" "How many pages this week?" "How many ads in color? in black and white?" "Has this been proofread?" " 'Houyhnhnms' isn't in the dictionary? Go ask Jeff Hart how to spell it.") Yet I

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didn't see the people snapping at each other and running around with late copy that motion picture city rooms had led me to expect. Indeed, on Tuesday four editors walked me across the street for a lunch that lasted two hours!

In the fraction of a week I spent at NATIONAL REVIEW I learned more about journalism than I could from reading a peck of books. I would like to thank the entire staff, and hope this note to the man whose name appears first on the masthead will suffice.

Sincerely,
Peter M. Robinson
Washington, D.C.

P.S. Incidentally, since you were sick, you can be glad you were in New York and not a student at Dartmouth. Last winter a friend of mine came down with symptoms like yours and went promptly to Dick's House, the college infirmary. There a nurse told him that before a diagnosis could be made and a prescription given, she would have to make a throat culture. My friend allowed the young lady to go snipping about in his throat with instruments that looked like limbs from a metal praying mantis. Afterward, he followed her instructions by waiting three days before calling up for the diagnosis, but to no avail. The nurse informed him over the phone that his culture had died.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The other day in my philosophy course, before class began, I was showing a friend the most recent copy of NATIONAL REVIEW. My instructor asked me what I was passing around—*Playboy*? I told him no, I was distributing my favorite magazine and held it up for him to see. "Oh well," he replied, "that's obscenity too."

I am in desperate need of some of that famous Buckley wit. Just how am I to respond?

Sincerely,
Dan Beauvillia
Appleton, Wisc.

Dear Dan: Tell your instructor he could stuff NATIONAL REVIEW, but not *Playboy*, and he should be grateful for small favors. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
Re: "Notes and Asides," p. 1414 [Dec. 9]
For shame, Bill, it's
Clavier-Übung
(Clavier-Uebung).

Best regards,
James B. Mehl
Newark, Del.

P.S. Klavier is the normal German spelling and Clavier, French. Perhaps Bach introduced this hybrid.

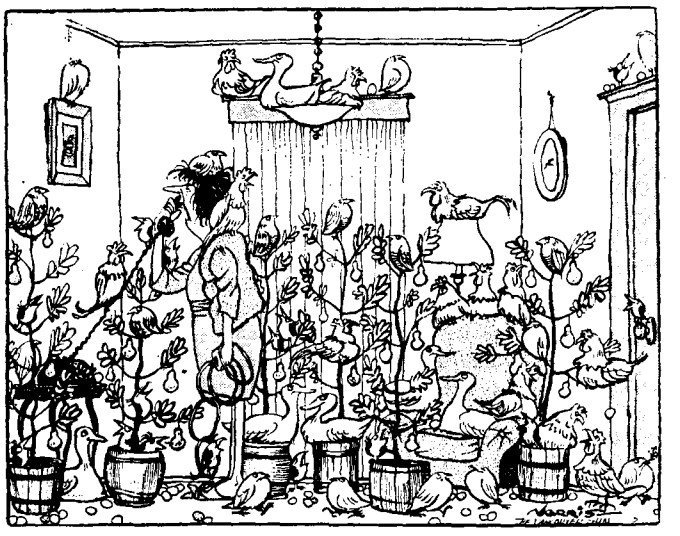
Dear Mr. Mehl: I know.
A typo. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

Would you please make a note for our librarian friends? This issue, dated January 6, will be Vol. XXX, No. 1. We will then, as usual, suspend the *Bulletin* that would be written and put into the mails on Christmas week in order to give the staff a breather, and our following publication will also be a magazine, Vol. XXX, No. 3, dated January 20. The first *Bulletin* of the new year will be dated January 27 and will be Vol. XXX, No. 4. (This, for reasons I can't remember at the moment, is preferred to having the first two magazines of the year numbered 1 and 2, the first *Bulletin* 3, and the third magazine 4.)

■ "In his invocation at the Equal Opportunity Day dinner of the National Urban League, held at the New York Hilton, the Reverend Charles E. Cobb gave his blessings on the food, the gathering, and just about everyone in the world, with one notable exception. Dr. Cobb, who is executive director of the United Church of Christ Commission for Racial Justice, said, 'May God forgive William F. Buckley, who lives in an academic ivory tower, away from the pain and suffering.' Dr. Cobb's remark was prompted by a recent column by Mr. Buckley [*NR*, Dec. 9] that was critical of Vernon E. Jordan, executive director of the Urban League."—*New York Times*, Nov. 15, 1977

Dear Dr. Cobb: I have heard your prayers and forgiven Mr. Buckley his sins. Am having a harder time with yours. GOD
—WFB



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco
"I know, Truelove, this is only the sixth day of Christmas. . . . But knock it off, will you!"

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SALT—Verifiability = 0

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE SALT NEGOTIATIONS are not "disarmament talks." Their subject matter is "strategic arms limitation" (SAL in the acronym, with "T" for "treaty"), and not just anybody's strategic arms but, specifically, those belonging to the Soviet Union and the United States. "Strategic arms" are defined as continental-range nuclear weapons (or weapons systems)—that is, nuclear weapons with which the Soviet Union and the U.S. could clobber each other's home territory.

Most sensible persons will agree that limitations on U.S.–Soviet strategic arms would be a good thing, if the limitations were "fair" to both sides. It is not easy to say just what "fair" would mean. Perhaps something of this sort: that neither side felt that acceptance of the agreed limitations would increase the overall threat from the other side. Needless to say, it is difficult to quantify that feeling in terms of specific numbers of specific weapons systems. Many millions of words, charts, and statistics have dealt with the U.S.–Soviet strategic balance and its relation to present and future SALT talks.

It is impossible for the laity to comprehend the details of strategic arms literature and SALT debates, and I rather doubt that the experts—official or self-appointed—comprehend quite as much as they would like us to believe they do. The trouble is that when, by heroic labor, you master a ponderous treatise proving that, the way things are going, we will have to surrender to Moscow without a fight by midsummer of 1982, you learn from the next ponderous treatise you stick your nose into that our arms guarantee our strategic security for the next millennium.

When intelligent, informed, and honorable men contradict each other on what are presented as matters of objective fact, we may presume that their real differences lie not in facts—which are neutral—but in premises and ideologies. In the SALT debates, what is at issue is not really the facts, which no one understands anyway, but differing estimates of the nature, policy, and intentions of the Soviet regime.

Granted the general murkiness shrouding strategic arms, there would nevertheless seem to be one essential feature of an acceptable SALT about which even all senators could agree: namely, *verifiability*. No matter what the terms of a SALT are, they are meaningless unless their fulfillment can be verified beyond reasonable doubt. The terms may promise eternal security, but if their fulfillment be not verifiable then all our faith is vain. SALT minus verifiability equals zero.

No Contract

I should think some senator concerned about arms and SALTs would make verifiability his special thing. The essential role of verifiability, unlike most other SALT elements, is something every citizen can understand. It is, in truth, a feature of any meaningful contract: if you can't verify its fulfillment, you haven't got a contract. With respect to each and every SALT provision, my senator would rise, Cato-style, to demand a clear explanation of how its performance will be verified. Like Cato, he would stick to his one point until he got a convincing answer.

Can we not trust the Kremlin to honor the treaties it solemnly signs? We cannot—and I am sure they don't trust us either. Can't we rely on our satellite reconnaissance and other sophisticated technologies to keep us adequately informed? We cannot.

I am not discussing abstract theories (of either arms control or Soviet conduct). We now know that the Soviets have in fact not only cheated on SALT I but launched an elaborate program to screen some of their key weapons projects from satellite observation —this latter itself a major direct violation of SALT I, which contains an explicit provision that neither party will interfere with the other party's means of verification.

Violations were first revealed by *Aviation Week & Space Technology* as early as October 21, 1974. Their report was denied by the Nixon-Kissinger White House. *AW&ST* continued to report violations. Official denials were repeated by President Gerald Ford in 1975.

AW&ST has now been dramatically confirmed by Ford's Defense Secretary, Melvin Laird, writing in the December issue of *Reader's Digest*. The violations are multiple and gross. Those designed to conceal Soviet arms developments are crucial, because they can make verification impossible. A good guess about whether the other side is conforming to the treaty is not enough. Unless the verification is beyond reasonable doubt, the treaty is useless—an absurdity. Since it would give no assurance against a relatively increased threat to one's own security, it would not be fair in the sense I have defined. A rational defense policy would disregard or cancel it.

The SALT Coverup

Laird makes a shabby little apology on his own and Ford's behalf for following the Nixon-Kissinger example in the coverup of these violations. The U.S. approach to SALT seems to be based on two typically American illusions: excessive optimism about the other fellow's motives ("both sides have a common interest in saving the world from nuclear holocaust"), and excessive faith in our own technological ingenuity.

Verifiability is a necessary condition of an acceptable treaty, but the record shows it is not a sufficient condition. If our rulers a) hide and b) do nothing about even those treaty violations that we *do* verify, verifiability is as worthless as the kind of paper the treaty is transcribed on. Are we going to have any comment from our current sunshine-President on this coverup initiated by his predecessors, in which he has so far connived? There is no conceivable excuse for keeping secret from the citizens, even from the members of the Senate that will be asked to ratify SALT II, information that is self-evidently known to the other side.

Judged by what is at stake for the nation, this SALT coverup makes the Watergate coverup look like a piker's game. □

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KEYNESIAN EPISTEMICS

First to follow in the footsteps of Keynes were Young Turks like Paul Samuelson and Lawrence Klein. Then came the counter-revolution, led by Milton Friedman. And now, led by G. L. S. Shackle, come the 'Epistemic Dissenters'

The Decadence of Economic Theory

EDWARD MEADOWS

Is it ever so boring to be a mere cataloguer of economic facts, a lugubrious clerk in the warehouse of petty history, a dull slave to every percentile variation in the GNP? Then how much more fun to be a revolutionary! Especially if it's only a parlor revolution, daring in all its lewd intellectual concatenations yet safe as Madam's card-party; adventurous in its billowy Weltanschauung but so far removed from reality as to be inert gas outside the alabaster walls of the cloister.

We are deep in the caverns of economic theory now. Careful there, the rocks are slippery with moss; be warned of the fathomless logical cavities, the metaphysical cul-de-sacs, and all the methodological stalactites and stalagmites ready to snare the unwary intellect. Be not surprised if you see nothing you recognize. This world is not meant for ordinary mortals; it's for the merest few—men of occult knowledge and ethereal genius, mathematical logicians with no little contempt for the crude statistics of that vulpine species, the businessman. Economic theory is as estranged from the real world of business enterprise as, say, quantum physics is estranged from the realities of the television repair shop. And yet, while the physicist's theorizing may find rather immediate, most concrete expression in the repairman's circuit boards, the economist's theories have no clear nexus with the natural pulse of economic life. In economic theory, there is no necessary connection between generally accepted facts of experience and their theoretical interpretation. Cash money, for instance, may play an obvious role in actual life, but its position in monetary theory is ambiguous, opaque, contradictory, an issue of hot and cool debate in *n* dimensions and infinite declensions.

The eminent British economist of the 1930s, John Maynard Keynes, once essayed to defend his profession by declaring that economic theory is not a body of doctrine to be ingested and duly regurgitated by students, but rather a method of thought which ought to reduce to rationality whatever might be the vexing issues of the day. Yet the formal rationality of theoretical economics too easily leaps through stratospheres of abstraction, never to feel the gravitational tug of reality; it orbits endlessly in the rarefied galaxy of theorems, lemmas, proofs, and assumptions, mischievous assumptions.

Keynes, of course, presented the occasion for the major revolution in twentieth century economic theory. But he did more than that, much more: John Maynard Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, published in 1936, spawned with almost exponential fecundity a vast academic industry which threatens to last indefinitely —or until another Keynes arises to overshadow the Master. This industry moves by its own peculiar business cycle: As the prescriptions of Keynesian policy wax, the tendency to Keynesian exegesis wanes. As Keynesian policy goes out of fashion, Keynesian theorizing roars back to glory.

Through the years, Keynesian exegesis, debate, and reinterpretation have consumed many reams of book paper and many buckets of printer's ink; hundreds of "major" articles, dozens of "important" books have been done, and more will roll off the presses this year and the next. The titles often bear unwitting traces of satire. One asks, "Was Keynes a 'Keynesian'?" Another expounds on the economics of Keynes as opposed to Keynesian economics. Many a career has been built upon the clever elucidation or emendation of this Keynesian postulate or that one. Many a career has been dominated, even obsessed, by the avuncular ghost of Lord Keynes. It's not unrespectable to be known as a prominent Keynesian theorist, if not proselytizer. It's surely no worse than being, for example, the seventh biographer of Gerard Manley Hopkins, and what with the dank esoterica of Keynesian exegesis, the prestige is greater.

But the Keynes Industry offers succulent ironies to contemplate.

First irony—that not one Keynesian economist in a hundred has ever read the *General Theory*. For though Keynes was capable of high elegance, his major tome has become famous for the elusiveness of its arguments. Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, himself an early Keynesian, has made much of the *General Theory*'s general inscrutability—a quality which has let Keynes's disciples read what they wish into it. But this irony is greater yet. Surely every Marxist theorist has, at some moment, at least thumbed through *Das Kapital*. Can one conceive of a Doctor of Divinity who never once lifted a finger to open the Holy Bible? Still, it's

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quite acceptable *not* to have read the *General Theory*, which Galbraith dismissed as "an acrostic of English prose."

The book is, however, possessed of a seductive Victorian Gestalt that transcends the economic theory therein propounded. It is the Gestalt of upper-middle-class British comfort—the Cambridge tradition, with Lord Keynes, Baron of Tilton, the very embodiment of it. An economist doesn't have to study the *General Theory* to sense the elegant scholarly milieu from which it was bred. The oral tradition of one's economics professors is steeped enough in the lore of Keynes's Cambridge. Keynes was, after all, the brilliant son of Cambridge philosopher and economist John Neville Keynes. Maynard Keynes was born at Cambridge, won a scholarship to Eton, got to be a King's Scholar, entered King's College in mathematics and classics, and remained there as a practitioner of economics for most of his life.

And to the scholar-exegete, Keynes's lifestyle offers sweet contrast to the dreary portrait of the obscure pedant, the dull economist. No, Keynes was the stuff of literature. For there was Keynes the theorist; but also Keynes the confidant of Virginia Woolf; Keynes the correspondent of Bernard Shaw; Keynes the trustee of the National Gallery; Keynes the husband of Russian ballerina Lydia Lopokova; Keynes the stock market speculator, the insurance executive, the polemic journalist, the social reformer, the avid book collector, and, it must be reckoned, the devotee of Etonian Culture (as it might be called in a sex advertisement; Professor Harry G. Johnson, once remarking on the homosexuality of King's College, recalled the professor who referred to the chapel there as First Church of Christ, Sodomite).

The second irony is that, though Maynard Keynes was first of all a practical economist, having little adventitious lust to tinker with mathematical models, he gave birth to a most highly theoretical and mathematical literature, in which it has been said that the practically important becomes the theoretically trivial, and the theoretically important is the practically trivial. As for Keynes's own epistemological stance, economic historian Joseph Schumpeter said: "The higher ranges of mathematical economics are in the nature of what is in all fields referred to as 'pure science.' Results have little bearing—as yet in any case—upon practical questions. And questions of policy all but monopolized Keynes's brilliant abilities."

MIND YOU, Keynes's practical bent did not derive from any ignorance of mathematics. He had shown an early talent for numbers, winning mathematical prizes at Eton and later getting his Scholarship in math and classics. Before the *General Theory*, he had written the widely respected *Treatise on Probability*. It wasn't frustration or sophism that drove him from mathematical economics. It was the legacy of his Cantabrigian pedagogical antecedents, chiefly Alfred Marshall, who viewed algebra as the proper stuff of the occasional footnote, but of little else.

But what of the abstruse Apocrypha that Keynes's *General Theory* has brought forth? What of the unparalleled mathematical *embarras de richesses* that Keynes inspired? It must be understood that Keynes, if skeptical of mathematical modeling, still deployed mathematics with tactical genius. Keynes threw his followers just enough mathematical crumbs to whet their theoretical appetites. Each took his own crumb and cultivated it, decorated it—nay, enshrined it—and built from it a complex maze of abstraction. Do you know what magic can be done with so simple a Keynesian relation as $C = f(Y)$? Leave it on a theorist's desk, and in a month he'll emerge triumphant from his study with the most curious, elaborate extension of that simple function. It's literally true that Keynesian econometricians have extended the basic Consumption Function to a whole system of more than a hundred many-termed equations, purportedly able to forecast the world's future!

Here is mathematical sorcery; here is logical elegance. Never ask whether real life corresponds to the caricatures of mathematical formulae. It's not surprising, after all, that economists fall in love with mathematical beauty. To marvel at the charming symmetry of the classical macro-economic model, a perpetual motion machine always at full employment, is to marvel at the triumph of human rationality. To sit at one's desk and solve the total differential of the Utility Function is to taste of the Universal Laws: action and reaction, velocity and stability—the world's maelstrom reduced to a paradigm of Newtonian determinism, the baleful imponderables of human life revealed in technical investigations as to the signs of a small few partial derivatives.

And lo, the conclusion? It drips with irony. For Shackle concludes that the totality of Keynes's insight leads back to laissez-faire. Lord Keynes, shake hands with Adam Smith

To gauge the dimensions of Keynes's theoretical revolution, it is necessary to ponder the sins of the old regime. For, to quote Professor Johnson, "the most helpful circumstance for the rapid propagation of a new and revolutionary theory is the existence of an established orthodoxy which is clearly inconsistent with the most salient facts of reality; and yet is sufficiently confident of its intellectual power to attempt to explain those facts; and in its efforts to do so exposes its incompetence in a ludicrous fashion."

Thus, one group of distinguished British economists explained the mass unemployment of the 1930s as being a consequence of the satiation of real human wants, a satiation that should have reduced everyone's working hours somewhat, but which instead, and inexplicably, reduced the working hours of a substantial portion of the populace to absolute zero. Other economists saw the Depression as a punishment justly visited on both entrepreneurs and workers for past crimes of speculation. Still others fatuously blamed it on the refusal of workingmen to take cuts in their pay—during years when there was no work to be had at any pay. A few economists captiously suggested that it was nature's way of curing "over-production." Marxists saw the Depression as the final confirmation that capitalism would stagnate, crushed by its own weight, starved at last by the secular exhaustion of all opportunities for the seizing of profit.

This theoretical breach in the Neoclassical schema of automatic full employment was cracked wide when May-

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nard Keynes sprang to attack its central proposition in the *General Theory*. Keynes's theory, while it appeared to be new, absorbed much of orthodox theory. At the same time, it enabled a generation of students, in the words of Professor Johnson, to enter "into an intellectual realm in which youthful iconoclasm could quickly earn its just reward (in its own eyes at least) by the demolition of the intellectual pretensions of its academic seniors and predecessors. Economics, *delightfully*, could be reconstructed from scratch on the basis of a little Keynesian understanding and a lofty contempt for the existing literature." (The literature was such that later it could all be compacted into so slender a volume as James Cochrane's hundred-page *Macro-economics before Keynes*.) The *General Theory* gave a just-emerging tribe of econometricians a new general equilibrium to tinker with, and a new set of relationships to test. And finally, it made a claim to social relevance.

Here then was theoretical radicalism and at the same time a delectable opportunity for Young Turks to bypass the crusty academic seniority system by challenging their entrenched colleagues with a new and supposedly better scientific approach. They did so in droves. From Cambridge, England—and soon Cambridge, Massachusetts—came a band of giddy proselytes. Men like Paul Samuelson, Robert Solow, and Lawrence Klein got the Call and breathlessly proclaimed the new doctrine from every academic street corner. Samuelson even compared the excitement he and his brethren felt in the presence of the *General Theory* to that of Keats on first looking into Chapman's Homer.

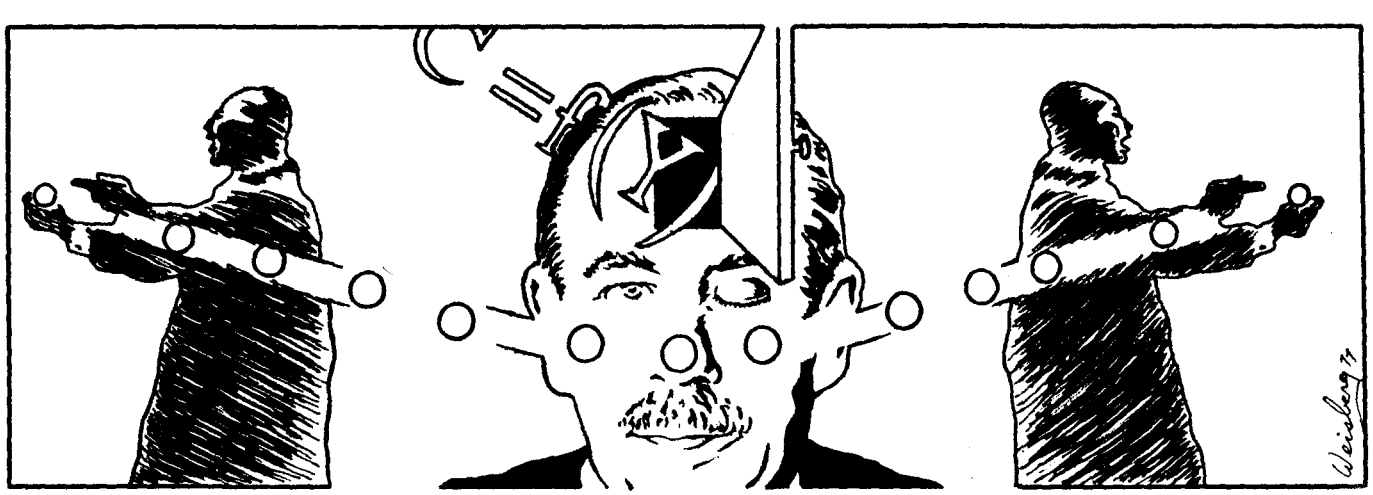
But since the Holy Writ was unreadable, translators were needed, and it is through their translations that Keynes's *General Theory* bred, over time, three distinctly separate, all but mutually exclusive interpretations. It was as if a three-headed hydra had been hatched from some miscreant egg, and, when the heads had grown, they spent all their waking hours in savage, hissing battle with each other. It turns out that the earliest version of The Message, the one which armed Samuelson and his fellow Gospelmongers and which is today found in elementary textbooks of economics —this interpretation is the least interesting of the three. It is what Professor Alan Coddington, writing in the *Journal of Economic Literature*, recently termed Hydraulic Keynesianism, a simple model of income-determination, the essence of which is that a deficiency in aggregate demand might not be corrected by equilibrating forces and might thus lead to *un*employment equilibrium. Hence what was needed was government spending to prime the pump of consumption expenditure.

The basis for this simplified Keynesianism was a 1937 journal article by Sir John Hicks of Oxford. He concocted an uncomplicated diagram to illustrate the Keynesian model in a manner that could be understood by any diligent schoolboy or President. (Keynes had personally taken a crude version of The Message to President Roosevelt in 1934. FDR came away confused and slightly disgruntled—he had, after all, campaigned for a balanced budget. Keynes left mumbling under his breath that he had never expected the American President to be so ignorant of economics.) The full gist of Keynesian economics was for several decades assumed to be neatly summarized in the famous "Hicksian Cross" of the IS-LM (investment-saving, money market) diagram.

This cross became the royal scepter of the dewy-eyed acolytes whose faith was spectacularly rewarded ten years after publication of the *General Theory* when Congress passed the Employment Act of 1946. Better living through fiscal policy, a job for every man! The bedazzling promise was enough to send every utopian Old Left tract-writer into bitter retirement, for capitalism had been rehabilitated. The major Keynesian economists themselves were given to making overconfident pronunciamentos which today must leave them a touch embarrassed. Professor Solow offered the prime example when he declared, "I think most economists feel that short-run macro-economic theory is pretty well in hand . . . all that is left is the trivial job of filling in the empty boxes." But it happened that the boxes had bottoms which kept falling out. Solow's self-satisfied declaration represents the hubris of a generation which believed it had conquered all the intellectual snags of economic theory, for Keynesian theory had legitimized the philosophy that government intervention could fine-tune the crude approximations of the market economy.

Now, this Hydraulic Keynesianism came to be the new orthodoxy of the postwar period. But inflation had begun, by the 1950s, to flaunt its girth, and the Keynesian model had nothing to say about inflation. The theory was conceived, after all, in the grey gloom of the Depression. Un-

(Continues on page 28)



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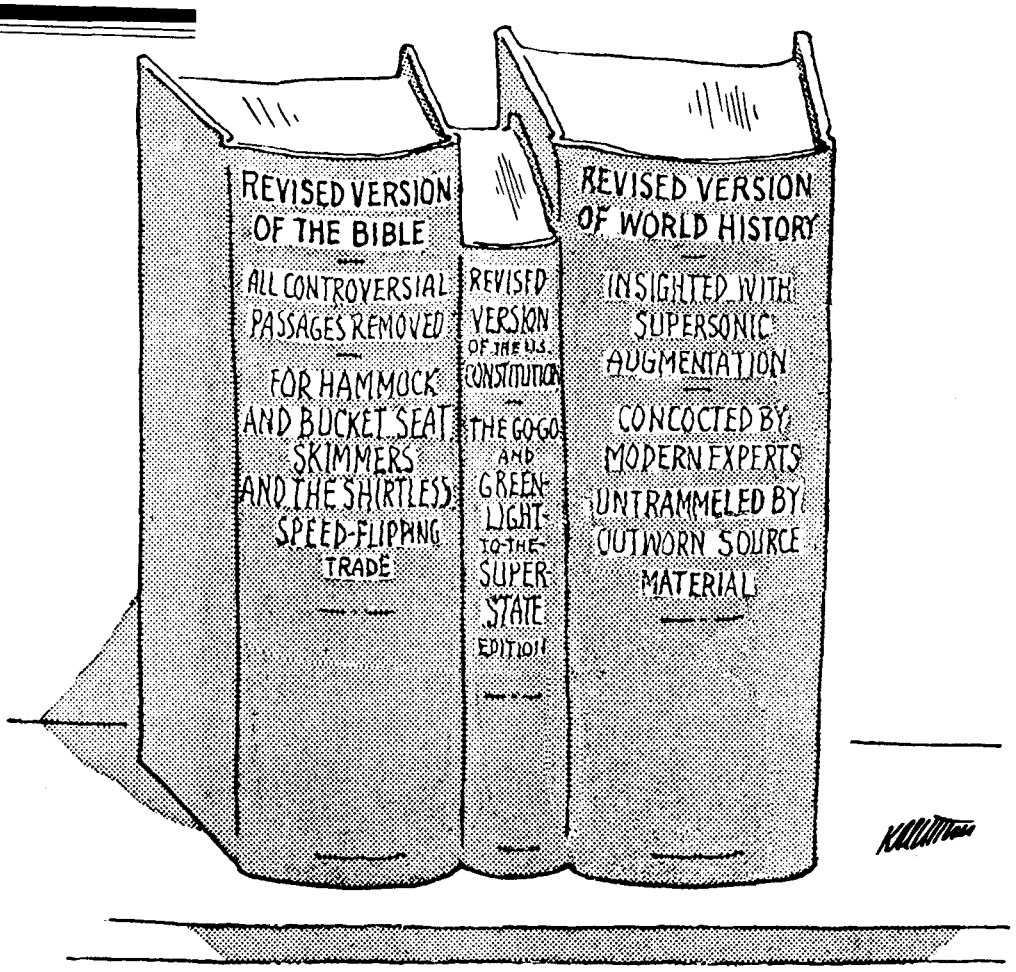
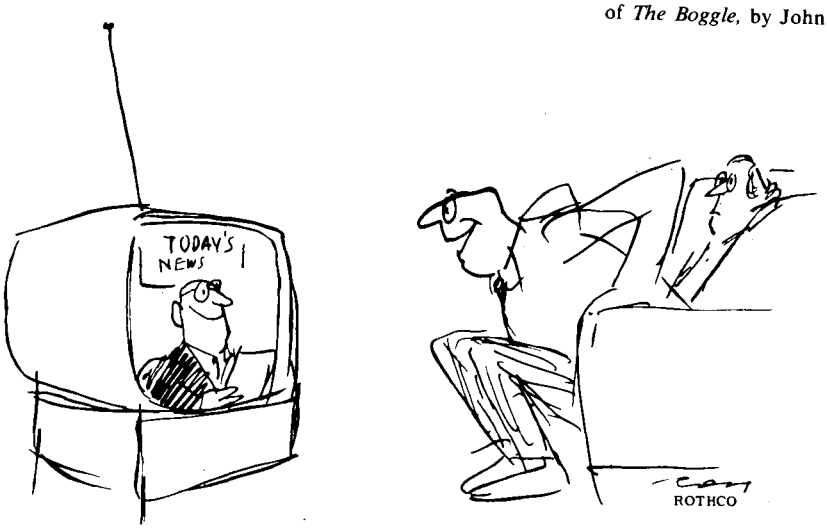

REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE
ALL CONTROVERSIAL PASSAGES REMOVED
FOR HAMMOCK AND BUCKET SEAT SKIMMERS AND THE SHIRTLESS SPEED-FLIPPING TRADE
REVISED VERSION OF THE U.S. CONSTITUTION
THE GO-GO AND GREEN-LIGHT-TO-THE-SUPER-STATE EDITION
REVISED VERSION OF WORLD HISTORY
INSIGHTED WITH SUPERSONIC AUGMENTATION
CONCOCTED BY MODERN EXPERTS UNTRAMMELED BY OUTWORN SOURCE MATERIAL

From Authorized Pre-"Edited" version of *The Boggle*, by John Kreuttner



"How about that? All's finally right with the world."

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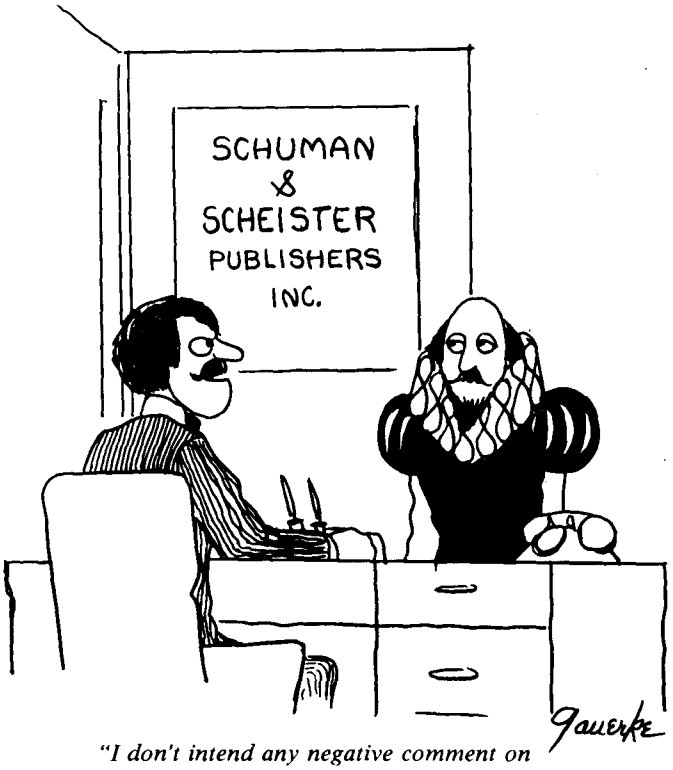
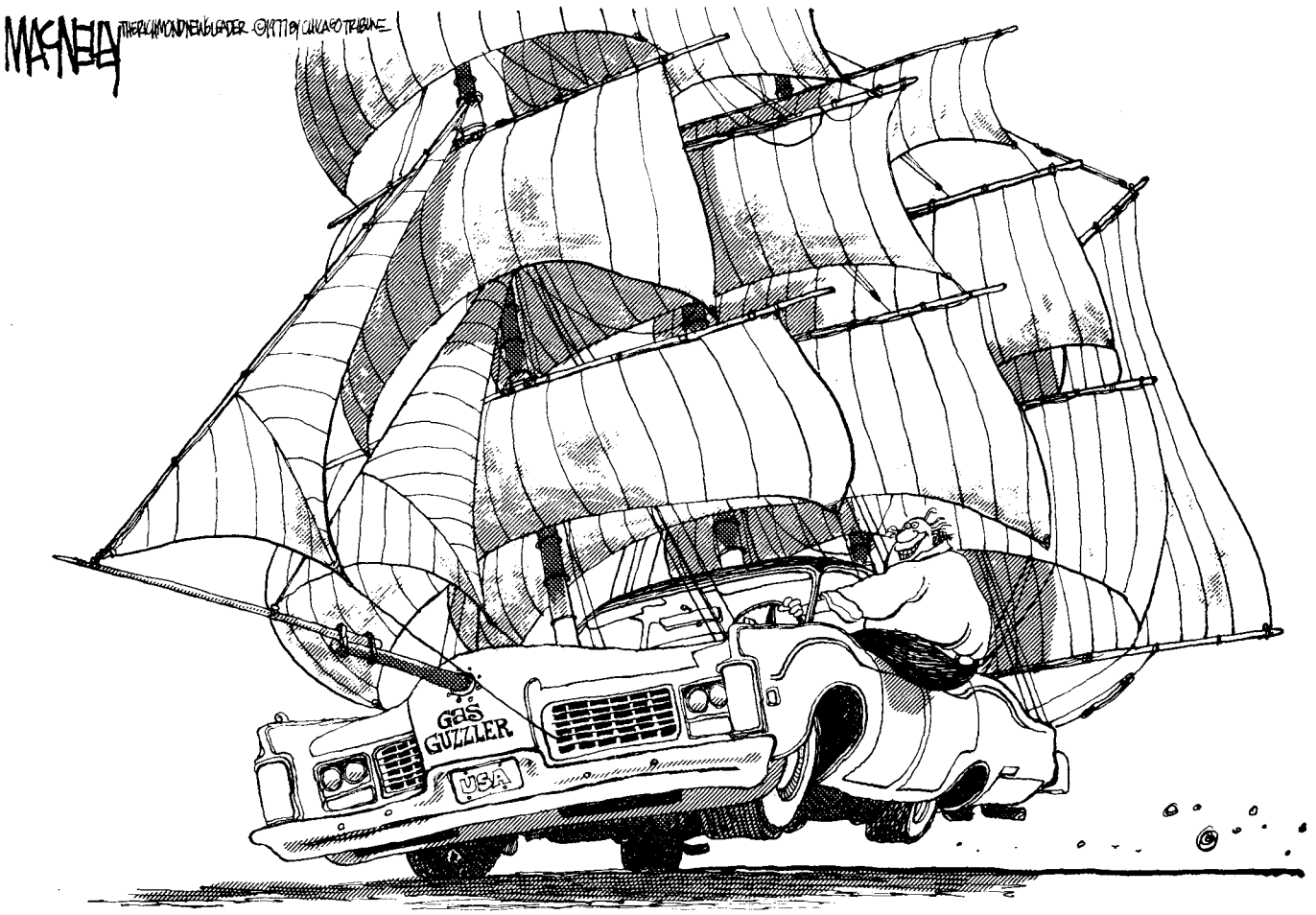


"I don't intend any negative comment on your own work, Will, but to put your autobiography across, we'll have to ghost it."

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O Gotham on the Hudson, shall
I scan the Christmas sky?
Or shall I turn the TV on
And silently get high?
In Rockefeller Center
The Christmas angels play,
But if I taxi'd down there, I
Might wake up DOA.

W. H. VON DREELE



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(Continued from page 25)

employment was what mattered then, not prices. Yet this omission left a crucial flank of the theory unprotected, vulnerable to the sallies of a new heterodoxy. Just as the Neoclassical theory's inability to explain mass unemployment in the 1930s gave impetus to the Keynesian revolution, so the Keynesian theory's inability to explain inflation, and especially inflation during recession, lent fervor to the counter-revolution. This attack was led by one Milton Friedman, who had reformulated the ancient quantity theory of money and—full of chutzpah—added an unambiguously Keynesian treatment of interest rates and capital assets to the pie. Professor Friedman's aim was to reassert the importance of money in the inflationary process. He led the Chicago School to war in 1956, and sparked a combat which continues today at full fire, though everyone now agrees that money matters.

The Keynesian-Monetarist debate has been interesting, good for a few intellectual duels, but, finally, it's too close to the drudgery of workaday economic policy, which no self-respecting theorist deigns to contemplate. Thus Hydraulic Keynesianism and the Monetarist counter-orthodoxy begin to pale beside the new and more extravagant strain of Keynesian theorizing which blossomed in the late 1960s. It grew from the garden of Professors Robert Clower and Axel Leijonhufvud. Their complaint was that both the Keynesians and the Monetarists had got it wrong, that the True Message had been lost in the superficiality both of those economists who presumed to distill a coherent income–expenditure doctrine from Keynes's work, and of those who attacked it. Clower and Leijonhufvud declared a pox on both houses, and Leijonhufvud, in an important book titled *Keynesian Economics and the Economics of Keynes*, expounded, in 1968, a highly imaginative, positively wanton interpretation of What Keynes Really Said.

Since the Holy Writ was unreadable, translators were needed, and it is through these that the* General Theory *bred three distinctly separate, all but mutually exclusive, interpretations

To lay the groundwork for his exposition, Leijonhufvud claimed that the standard Keynesian model had been imposed willy-nilly on Keynes's original insight. Leijonhufvud said the Hydraulic Keynesians had dared to presume that Keynes didn't understand what he was saying: "The impression one gets of Keynes . . . is that of a Delphic oracle, half hidden in billowing fumes, mouthing earth-shattering profundities whilst in a senseless trance—an oracle revered for his powers, to be sure, but not worthy of the same respect as that accorded the High Priests whose function it is to interpret the revelations." Leijonhufvud began with the avowed purpose of unearthing Keynes's "Gestalt conception" of how a modern capitalist economy works. What he ended with is an interpretation that can be seen as faithful to the *General Theory* only in the most drunken flights of theoretical fancy. In self-justification, Leijonhufvud presumed to conclude that either Keynes was thinking along lines congenial to his hypothesis, or the *General Theory* is nonsense. But as Professor Coddington commented, "This is a problem of reading not so much between the lines as off the edge of the page."

Leijonhufvud found Keynes to be hardly so anti-classical as the *General Theory*'s torrid polemics would suggest. Drawing on Keynes's earlier *Treatise on Money*, Leijonhufvud interpreted the Lord's assault as being not upon the foundations of classical theory, but upon the sterile caricature into which it had evolved. By this hypothesis, Keynes was at heart a Neoclassical Marshallian, even a soul-brother to Professor Friedman, albeit informed with a jaded appreciation of the pitfalls that unthinking orthodoxy fell into.

Whereas, in the classical economic model, prices adjusted instantaneously to equate supply and demand, Keynes—according to Leijonhufvud—proposed that it was quantities which adjusted. The difference is crucial. If demand for goods and services falls, resulting in oversupply, and producers respond by lowering prices to clear markets, then economic equilibrium will be restored. But if producers take reduced demand as a signal to cut back production and hence lay off workers, then as workers' incomes fall, demand falls further. Production is cut back even more, and a downward spiral begins. But why do producers adjust quantity rather than price? Because, Leijonhufvud said, prices give false signals. When demand falls off, producers falsely assume that fewer people want to buy their goods. For the economic system allows no mechanism by which consumers can transmit information as to what they would like to buy, if only they had the money (i.e., if producers rehired them). So, according to Leijonhufvud, Keynes's intention was to point out a grave flaw in the dissemination of information essential to the economy's proper functioning (the price system, when it works, is a highly efficient information medium).

A delightful conjecture, this disequilibrium theory, and it has given birth to a tremendous new professional-journal literature of unexcelled abstraction. From the simple algebra of income–expenditure theorizing sprang the high theoretic refinements of pure mathematical logic, set theory, location theory, ad infinitum, analytics ever more detached from reality, ever more challenging to the mind enamored of puzzles. Economic journals have come to resemble mathematical monographs. Fresh creative license is allowed the would-be new Keynes, who might be, or thinks he might be, out there now, sweating in some untidy cubicle, spinning *the* new theory from the fantastical concepts revealed by the Leijonhufvud-Clower revisionism.

But wait! For hovering on the fringes of the debate are strange and hostile spirits in flamboyant crimson cloaks. They point their fingers and cackle. Devils! A mad light shines in their eyes. These aliens of the Keynesian underground shall be called the Epistemic Dissenters. Their vision is catholic and subversive. They've not been content to while away the hours in theoretical quibbling. These true rebels draw from Keynes's work ammunition by which to question the whole bedrock on which economic theory rests, namely, Utilitarian Rationalism.

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Economic reductionism relies for its very existence on the assumption that human behavior is intrinsically rational. And if it is rational, it must be consistent. And if it is consistent, it must conform to laws which can be stated in symbolic, algebraic notation. Thence human behavior can be reduced to mathematical statements, to mathematical functions. And to these functions can be applied the differential calculus.

Now, pure, abstract logic forces us to deduce that if man is rational, he must also be economic: he must act to maximize his utility and minimize his pain, in full accord with Benthamite Utilitarian imperatives. And it so happens that this rational maximizing behavior has an exact analogue in the calculus, whereby extreme values of a function are determined via analytical technique, and the characteristics of the solution are explored. The method can be made elaborate by the addition of constraints representing resource limits, but in essence, the calculus of maximization defines the core of economic theory.

From the maximizing behavior of the individual can be derived his demand curve for a given commodity; the individual demand curves can in turn be summed over all individuals to derive the total demand curve for the commodity; and demand curves can be derived for all commodities, including labor services and money. Thus can deterministic macro-economic models be constructed, on the granite substratum of rationality, by way of Newtonian mechanics. And does it make one whit of difference that, implicit in the model of maximizing behavior, inherent in the technique of the calculus, is the assumption that the allocation problem at hand is already solved and it's only necessary to consider what the characteristics of the solution must be?

The Epistemic Dissenters smile wryly and wag their fingers in disapproval. For, in prying apart such questions, they claim to have discovered the angle by which to explode economic reductionism, and withal to demolish the corpus of formal economic theory as we know it. (These are no piddling Marxists or libertarian anarchists. Their argument rises above mere ideology. Their train of thought is closer to Einstein's Theory of Relativity or, better, Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle.)

Do they extract their devastating lessons from the *General Theory*? In fact, they view the book as a distraction, and look instead to an article Keynes wrote in 1937, a year after publication of the *General Theory,* and a few months after the first tempests of controversy had blown their opprobrious winds down on Oxbridge. In the article, titled "The General Theory of Employment," Lord Keynes flirted with a broader theme than was ever stated in the *General Theory*. Keynes objected that, as compared to the known and stable mathematical functions required by Utilitarian Rationalism, the basis of choice lies in vague, uncertain, and shifting expectations of future events, expectations which have no solid foundation in circumstance, but act according to the psychology of the mob Economic man is now frightened to death, now buoyed by false optimism, continually pushed by unseen forces, at the mercy of tomorrow's news.

THIS INSIGHT PROVIDED enough of an agenda for the Epistemic Dissenters, of whom British economist G. L. S. Shackle is the most interesting. Their doctrine has found magnificent expression in Shackle's *Epistemics and Economics*, published in 1972. Here he launched a *tour de force* of sublime contumacy, an eloquent masterpiece of *lèse-majesté économique*. Taking much from Lord Keynes, some from F. A. von Hayek (his former teacher), Professor Shackle, in one Alexandrine stroke, cut through the groundwork of the Rationalist methodology. He declared that the necessary conditions for the ideal allocation of society's means of production must include a given scheme whereby each individual is able to choose his demonstrably most advantageous conduct. Of crucial significance is the further stipulation that all individuals be able to do so simultaneously: therefore choices must be pre-reconciled. All choices must be simultaneous, and the system of actions they represent must be strictly timeless. But witness the sublimity: time and logic are at opposite poles. For "we can conjecture, imagine, and contribute to the future, but we cannot reason about it . . . knowledge is about the present, but choice is of what we hope for. We cannot choose the present; it is too late. It is mathematically impossible for choice to concern itself with the unique present—it is already uniquely determined."

Voilà! Economic reductionism is shown to be logically inconsistent. Shackle has torn back the bedsheets and revealed the methodology in its naked culpability. He has exposed the irresolvable conflict between a dynamic world and a timeless model of that world. But lest one seek comfort in the belief that time's path can be approximated, Shackle yields to Keynes's insistence, in the 1937 article, that calculations of subjective mathematical probability won't suffice to capture the quantitative, not to mention qualitative, dimensions of uncertainty. Keynes said, "We simply don't know" the future. In his full cunning, Shackle has asserted that valuation, which is what economists model, depends on expectation, and expectation depends, finally, on imagina-

(Continues on page 47)

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IT SAYS HERE...

ALOISE B. HEATH

You know that house where, the night before Christmas, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse? Well, that wasn't our house. That was a house where St. Nicholas came down the chimney with a bound and did absolutely everything. It may come as a surprise to many people, but the fact is, St. Nicholas doesn't do one blessed thing for the Heath family.

You know the family that gathers around the hearth on Christmas Eve while Father rereads the beloved *Christmas Carol*? Firelight flickering on absorbed little faces? Well, that's not our family either, and I bet you guessed.

I hope I'm not giving anyone the impression that Ben and I are not respecters of tradition, because the fact is that we're simply aslosh with tradition. But we have a substitute tradition. We give Janet and Timothy a half-teaspoon of liquid phenobarbital each, Jennifer, Betsey, and Alison a teaspoon, and Buckley, Priscilla, and John two teaspoons. (We've had to keep the two eldest off the stuff these past few years; they have to stay alert.)

Then we send 16-year-old Jim, who has a voice like a bull calf, into the living-room with the big children and make *him* read Dickens' beloved *Christmas Carol*; and 14-year-old Pam, who has such a sharp eye and a quick hand that she can whack a small bottom while its owner is still wondering which trespass to commit, takes the peewees into the nursery to hear Clement C. Moore's beloved "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

Ben and I refill the coffee pot and proceed forthwith to the furnace room, which is where *we* spend Christmas Eve. Not by choice, you understand, but because the furnace room is the only one in our house which you can a) store 167 different items in, ranging from aeroplane, gasoline-powered, to Zig-Zaw Puzzle Map; and also b) lock.

Nine out of ten of these items, as parents know, have to be organized or set up or assembled, and a good many of them have to be redesigned from scratch. All of them must be fully understood if Christmas morning is not to shrill with the sad cry of: "It's just a bunch of iron sticks!" or "I'll never be able to play that. The grections have too long words." All of which leaves Ben and me with the choice of working in the living-room after the last child is asleep—and when you have ten children that means never—or spending Christmas Eve in the furnace room.

THE FURNACE ROOM is rather peaceful, actually. By the time we've opened the boxes and laid out the hammer, saw, screwdrivers, wrenches, pliers, files, glue, rubber cement, safety pins, needles and thread, toothpicks for stiffening tabs that won't go into slots, crochet hooks and rubber bands for putting dolls' arms back on, Mercurochrome, Band-Aids, tranquilizers, Benzedrine, phenobarbital, aspirin, and a dictionary, we hardly even notice the furnace, which has a way of breathing like a dinosaur with croup. Jim's voice, bellowing: "Sit DOWN, Buckley," filters down to us in a soft murmur; and since the nursery is on the third floor and Pam's energy is limited, she only clatters down now and then to tell us that Alison keeps sticking her feet under Timothy and pinching him with her toes, or that Alison keeps muttering "moon on the *breast* of the new-fallen snow . . ." and making all the others laugh and act silly . . . "Well, she *thinks* it's a bad word, Mother, or she wouldn't bother to say it. You know how absolutely vulgar Alison is."

"Send her down to Jim's group," I roar through the screws in my mouth, which isn't much help—or much help to Jim, anyway—but my maternal instinct always seems to wane as my mechanical instinct waxes. Well, I *call* it mechanical.

I do know some of my limitations, though, so I always start with a simple thing, like "ROLLING TENNIS: A new game for home fun," for instance. ROLLING TENNIS has only about six pieces, which is practically boring to a woman who was on Dean's List the entire first semester of her sophomore year at college. The instructions are nice and short, too. *The elastic steel needle*, they begin . . . (there's no elastic steel needle in the box, but the nearest thing to it is a kind of hard, spiky thing that bends, so that must be what) *must be kept in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table.* The trouble is, it won't stay in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table unless I hold it there, and surely the ROLLING TENNIS people couldn't mean that, could they? They don't really mean for me to spend the declining years of my life holding up that spiky thing! Well, of course not. There's a perfectly simple solution.

"Ben, it says here . . ." I begin.

"First things first," mumbles Ben, who is engaged in his annual re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the electric train, which he always

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can't understand something in the transformer of. I don't tell him that if he'd leave the train up all year round he and the transformer wouldn't have to go through this every Christmas Eve. I don't tell him because it's too early. This is what I tell him around 2:00 A.M., and I'm a stickler for tradition.

Anyway, it's time to check everybody's teeth (and to tell Alison for the last time that sticking her toothbrush under the faucet doesn't fool *me* for one minute) and to hear everybody's prayers (and to tell Alison for the last time that beating everyone else to the "Amen" is *not* praying) and to kiss everybody goodnight (and to kiss Alison twice and tell her I love her anyway, which is the simple truth). By the time I get back to the furnace room Ben has had time to accomplish a great deal, and I feel much better about everything, even ROLLING TENNIS.

So, all right, I *will* hold the spiky thing in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table. It's not as if the children were going to play ROLLING TENNIS eight hours a day! Now: *By a slight pressure of this needle upon the axis of the runner fitted with a rubber tire the latter one begins to move, the other player swiftly catches, stops it to run, and jerks back with the same movement.*

Only there's no runner. There is a rod with a little rubber tire at each end, but if that's the runner, how would I press its axis? Anyhow, an axis is what things *turn* on, isn't it? I know it is; I won't even look it up; and it's nine o'clock and Ben has started to fiddle with that idiotic transformer again.

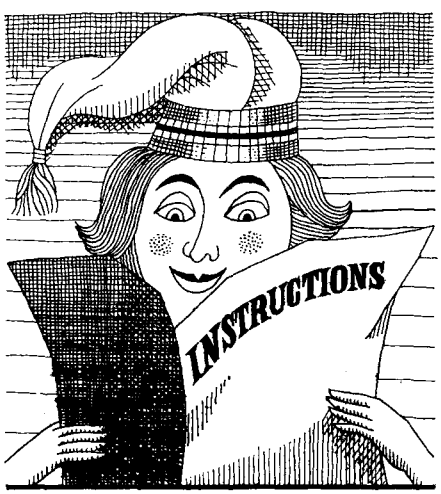
I pull out Your Friendly Corner Store. This is more my type, and besides it has a diagram which illustrates and labels not only Parts A to X of the Corner Store, but also its accessories. "Telephone," it tells you, under a picture of a telephone. "Cord." "Cash Register." "Your Friendly Corner Store Sign."

Check off each step as you complete it, they warn you (and show you how —like this ☑), and *Follow all directions step by step.* I never was a leader, anyhow, so I start right in. *Step 1* ☐ *From the white side of the board press out all excess fiberboard from all slots, notches, and edges so that all the parts look like those in the kit drawings.* ☐ *Punch out holes for screws with a sharp pencil point.* ☐ *Place parts in alphabetical order.* My Friendly Corner Store and I are not so friendly as we used to be, by the time I finish Step 1. I feel they have been not quite straight with me. They clearly implied that there was only one ☐ to a step, but, I now note, there are seven ☐s in Step 10 alone.

"Ben, look at this. It says here . . ."

"There's no point in getting mad about it," says Ben, who has made up with the transformer, solved ROLLING TENNIS (they meant "axle," not "axis," if that means anything to you), and is happily assembling some Thermo-Turbo thing without so much as a glance at the directions.

"Who's mad?" I snarl. I grit my teeth and plod on. By the time I finish Step 12 (49 ☐s later) Ben has put together the bicycle, the tricycle, the



tractor, and the Walker Wagon. Ben is about to begin the electric hockey game when he discovers the instructions are in French.

I can read French all right, but who knows what a *filet des buts* is, or a *casier pour pile sèche*, or a *vis à métal*, except maybe a French electrician? I go upstairs and sullenly search for the Larousse. When I let myself back into the furnace room Ben looks at me for the first time this evening and blanches.

"Are you going to church like that?"

"Like what?" I answer huffily. And rhetorically.

Ben holds the Dreamy Dressing Table mirror up to my face. "It's 11:30," he says, and I tear up the stairs again.

Midnight Mass clears the crossness out of me. Priscilla goes with us this year, along with John and Pam and Jim; and as I watch them come back from Communion they look so solemn and young and tired and beautiful that my heart almost bursts. My heart almost bursts until I kiss them "Merry Christmas" in the cold starlight outside the church, and they refuse, with cries of revulsion, to kiss each other. Then my heart shrivels right back to normal.

STILL, THE FURNACE ROOM *is* an anticlimax. By 1:30, Ben and I get ruthless: when we find that the assembly instructions for John's cuckoo clock take up a 16-page booklet and begin: "Look what we have here!! What fun!! It's all the parts that go to make a real-as-life BLACK FOREST CUCKOO CLOCK!!" we clap the cover right back on the box and agree to pretend we thought he wanted a do-it-yourself cuckoo clock.

By 2:15 the B-52 Turret Gun, the Helicopter-Bomber, the Kookie Kitchen, the weight-lifting set, and the puppet theater are assembled and upstairs; by 3:00 we've finished the musical rocking chair, the robot lady, the Sonar set, the fire engine, the weather station, and the Yakkity-Yob, and we've even found out how to make the Kissy Dolls kiss. By 3:45 every last item is complete and in the living-room; the Christmas list has been recovered from the rubble on the furnace-room floor. And finally we're through. We thumbtack a sheet across the entrance to the living-room and tiptoe upstairs to hang stockings on children's bedposts. Ben takes those for the children who don't believe in Santa Claus, because if they wake up, they'll know it's only Daddy; and I take those for the children who do, because if they wake up, they'll know it's only Mother.

At 4:10, in the black dark of the upstairs hall, I tiptoe around a corner into Ben, tiptoeing from the opposite direction. I gasp and clutch him.

"It's only Santa Claus."

"Oh Ben," I sigh, too tired even to move away from his cheek, which feels like a cactus patch. "What will we ever do when the children are grown up?"

"You're not expecting grandchildren? With that crew? What do you think you are—lucky?" says my sentimental Ben. ☐

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LETTER FROM NEWARK

Inner City Vacation

DANIEL E. RITCHIE

(When college let out last summer seven students went to Newark to work for the Presbyterian Church of America, under the overall direction of Bill Iverson, a "church planter." This is Dan Ritchie's report of that mission.)

BROKEN GLASS is the most successful ground-cover in the Central Ward of Newark, New Jersey. Glass is not a perennial. It is continually reseeded in those streets. Unlike grass it is well-suited to asphalt. It thrives in burned-out buildings and in the shadow of wood, bricks, and discarded appliances. After a while you realize that it's pointless to steer around pieces of glass: kids walk barefoot over it and rarely get cut. Resilience is the lesson Central Ward teaches.

Stockton Wulsin has turned in his final philosophy paper, and I have finished my Greek exam. Another Amherst term has ended, and the summer holidays have begun. Seven of us are here to work under Maceo Hemmingway, a black man who seems to know everyone in our part of Central Ward. Maceo has lived in Newark for many years, but he was brought up in South Carolina, and his speech is shot through with the patterns of the South. Maceo doesn't wear a watch. I never saw him write anything down. He tells me he would rather "be rasslin' with a rattlesnake" than doing any big writing. His memory is faultless: he never forgets anything he might use to compliment and encourage the people on the street, or us.

Our team works in pairs as much as possible. If it was good enough for Paul and Silas, it's good enough for Stocky and me. "All men will know that you are my disciples if you love one another." That takes two—and besides, it's safer.

After morning devotions at Humanity Baptist Church we review our day's plans—although to follow *any* plan is not so easy in the inner city. Afternoons are devoted to home visitation and to coaching baseball or basketball teams. Basketball practice is always uncertain. We lose players to naps, to mothers' orders, or to more diverting activities. Home visits in the early afternoon are in competition with *The Gong Show*. Stocky and I persevere, but, usually, that only means the television is turned down, not off.

Across the street from our church the fire hydrant runs almost continuously, providing children with relief from the heat. Next week the pressure will be too low when a fire breaks out around the corner. A deserted car near the hydrant's stream invites the human jackals. First the upholstery is ripped out and strewn across the street. Next the body is smashed, the glass shattered, the wheels taken.

The huge Catholic Church behind the hydrant has been vacant for a year and a half. No glass is intact, and the copper wiring has been ripped out and sold. Many fires have blackened the staircases, and organ stops litter the floor. The church has yet to receive the Housing Authority's orange X. All that bear that mark are destined for eternal condemnation.

The dreams of those who built that church haunt its skeleton. Dry bones. Will our work leave a like legacy? Ten committed families could begin a new church in Central Ward, but to what end?

WHAT GOOD NEWS, what gospel, can Stocky and I—both inexperienced in mission work—bring to the black ghetto? Can our beliefs and words about Christ really affect things here? And our boys: how are they going to keep from being squeezed into the inner-city mold of male irresponsibility? Their lack of teamwork and dedication does not portend lives of selfless, long-term commitment. And yet the irresponsibility of our players has its obverse side in their great buoyancy. They aren't just black: they have color.

In comparison to our group, the softball team from a suburban white church is passive, neat, reserved. Everything hangs out from our boys: their colorful shirts and pants; their humor, enthusiasm, fleshly desires, anger, happiness. As we walk up to a suburban house for a meal after a game, our players chant,

Here come the niggers.
Here come the niggers.

One of the white boys, trying to be funny, challenges our fellows to a rumble. They laugh, but are honored that the whites acknowledge their toughness. Stocky's home run helps win the game for us, and proves that a white boy can be tough too.

"Dat nigga can hit!" says Willie.

ON THURSDAY NIGHTS we work with a mission group that shows films on street corners and in vacant lots. Forty to sixty people mill around or listen as the movies proclaim that the way to salvation for a drug addict or gang member is in Christ.

Anthony Beecher lives near Sixth and Littleton. He watches the movie and tells us our message "won't do." People here can't fill out job applications, he tells us (he teaches them how). It's the end of the month, he says. Until the checks come in next week people will be too hungry to stomach talk about God.

We ask Beecher to bring the hungry families he knows down to our church —plenty of food there. He doesn't come. Unbelief in Central Ward sometimes comes from despair over the pervasive social distress, but not in Beecher's case. He seems to feel that salvation for a streetcorner man will not be complete until his easy sociability with his friends is destroyed and he has a job and a home in East Orange.

"You see that Black Muslim?" Beecher motions to a white-robed man gliding by blacker than the black night. "It's going to be like that all over here soon, because they're the only ones that's helping people find jobs."

Mr. Ritchie, a senior at Amherst, spent the summer of 1975 as NR*'s editorial assistant.*

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If you can believe Muslim doctrine you can believe anything, but young blacks get pride and hope from that religion. Is ours tired? Why does the Muslims' falsehood appear so much stronger than our truth?

FOR MUSIC OR PREACHING to be successful in the inner city it has to have a beat, the theme must be familiar. Soul music and the young man who plays the church piano by ear abide by the same laws: find your beat and harmonies, then repeat.

The preacher's sermon that night at the Free Will Baptist Church is a sure bet: two small climaxes building up to the third, satisfying release. The first two are just foreplay. Relax. Prepare. Now drive again, drive.

A train can be broken.
Tell it
A plane can be broken.
Wwelll
But God's law can't be broken!
Ay-men

(Seven, six, five. *Accelerando e sempre crescendo.*)

But Pilate said, "What I have written
Wwelll
I have written."
Ay-men
Because he mighta knowed
Tell it
That Jesus was the Lawd.
Yyesss
And He was the King of the Jews.
Ay-men

(Four, three. Stricter meter now. Harder. Drive!)

God won't break His law fo' the rich man!
Ay-men
He won't break it fo' the poor!
Wwelll
He wanta come to you!
Wwelll!
But you got to reach out to Him!
Yyesss!
You got to touch Him!
Hallelujah!

Two, one. The cloud burst upon the crowd pouring down showers on the just and on the unjust. The tambourine shivers, a young man Holy Ghost-dances up front. They strain to hold, keep, enjoy while it lasts, spinning it out as long as it will go, go . . .

There are two offering plates, one for the preacher and one for the church. The sermon brings in about $16, and the church nets thirty. No, more—Sister Williams, the preacher, puts her money into the church's plate. She won't take it. That will rock your arrogant skepticism. In a recent interview Eldridge Cleaver refused to criticize the black church. It was in church, after all, that his mother heard the verses which conveyed the reality that brought him to his knees years later. Where else in America is such extreme thankfulness for life to be found?

But our gospel sometimes appears feckless to us, compared to the unfathomable depths of decay in the inner city. All summer long our team gets furniture for people and helps them move; we take a man to a drug treatment center and provide food for families. When we find kids who can't read, we sit down to teach them. But that is easy compared to the task of declaring the message of Christ's redemption.

Why don't we simply clothe the naked and feed the hungry, and quit embarrassing ourselves with this talk of salvation? Give people a liberal education and a marketable skill! "*Thus shall you say unto the sons of Newark, 'The Lord, the God of jobs and education has sent me to you.'* " Don't count on a parting of the Passaic. That would only get our people out of Central Ward to the suburbs. Some may preach Montclair and Maplewood as lands flowing with milk and honey, but they are in bondage too. Only the chains are different.

ONE SUNDAY NIGHT Stocky and I stand atop the apartment building across from the church. The twin towers of the World Trade Center are barely visible in the haze to the east, and in the west the summer sun has just begun to melt, red warm, around the earth.

The decision to condemn 150 acres of Central Ward for the medical and dental school just north of us catalyzed riots on Springfield Avenue ten years ago. Central Ward is a prisoner bound by ball and crane. The weaker species of tenement and store are razed, and other, not necessarily higher, forms take over. Central Ward is a refining fire. The need for salvation is right here, in the houses built upon sand; in the dearth of psychological, spiritual, and vocational resources; in the values of a matriarchal society in which a young girl is given more encouragement to bear a child than to marry and bind her husband to his covenant.

And yet, as we stand on that roof I acknowledge the abundance of common grace down there: in the volleyball players who make sure no one from their group leaves trash in the park; in the wino who buys a doll for a little girl; and in Sheri, who bakes me a birthday cake just before we leave town.

Far below us boys are doing gymnastics on mattresses in an empty lot—front flips, back flips, and flips with a half twist. No thought in them right now of hardship, despair, or pain. Unbelief would leave it at that.

Joy would call it a celebration—of imagination, form and rhythm, body, soul, and spirit. □

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Freeway Madness

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

APPROXIMATELY a thousand teachers in this country's biggest school district are hopping mad. These are the Los Angeles teachers who have been, or are being, ordered to serve the cause of "racial integration" by teaching at schools many miles from their place of residence—and this in an area known for its lack of public transportation.

One such teacher—let us call him Mr. Diogenes—has given me the details of his predicament. He thinks of quitting the L.A. public-school system altogether, though he has spent his whole adult life in it. He has been reassigned —living at one end of the District, he has been ordered to teach at the other end.

Life Sentence

"To assure my being on time," he tells me, "I will have to allow a *minimum* of two hours' travel time. I am planning to leave home two and a half hours before I'm due to arrive at school. Travel back home requires the same time.

"I asked those responsible for giving me this assignment how long my 'sentence' would be. I was told to expect the assignment to be for a minimum of five years and possibly ten to 15 years. As I go through the 'chain of command' trying to get some relief from such an inhumane assignment, I am met with glazed eyes and the monotone response, 'I am carrying out L.A. Board of Education policy.'

"I discovered, by meeting with the principal of the school to which I am assigned, that I am not needed there to fulfill the quota of white teachers; he said his staff already met the minimum requirements. Those above him said he was mistaken, but gave no proof. This nonsense is all taking place without court direction that it must be done. Admittedly it is being done to keep from losing federal funds—but without any proof that such funds would be denied.

"The situation is nearly impossible. I will spend as much time on the L.A. freeways as I will spend teaching my pupils. Another teacher will be spending a similar amount of time traveling to teach at a school reasonably close to my home. Students may well be bused to each of our schools, and possibly we may teach the same students we would have taught anyway. I told my new principal that I could understand a principal not wanting to be the recipient of a teacher so assigned—because, though the teacher might have an outstanding record, still his teaching would be adversely affected by his hours on the freeways.

"The Los Angeles Unified School District, as this and many other bizarre/unrealistic actions reveal, is bankrupt of leadership. The minority voice on the Board speaks out for reasonableness in the implementing of integration of staff and students, but the majority continues to take action that destroys staff morale and diminishes the educational program for the children.

"Some two thousand teachers are involved in staff integration at this time—but this is only the tip of the iceberg of future integration plans. About half of the teachers involved have been compelled to accept new assignments regardless of the very substantial cost, physical wear and tear, loss of family time, and the like. My reward for twenty years as an outstanding (rating to date) teacher is to drive past some 250 to three hundred school-buildings on my way to my assigned school."

Although various ad hoc committees of teachers protest this educationist lunacy, the dominant teachers' union, the United Teachers of Los Angeles, does nothing to help them. And neither the school board's majority nor the union seems to care about what happens to decent schooling—so long as racial quotas are satisfied. No one mentions the fact that, in general, teachers of Mexican-American ancestry do a better job of teaching Mexican-American children, and black teachers do a better job of teaching black children. A black woman teacher compelled to move from Watts to Westwood observes, "It turned out nice, but I felt I was letting the black kids down. My black children needed me. I felt I was deserting them."

Behind all this madness is a threat from some obscure official in HEW that federal funds *might* be reduced in the Los Angeles District if two thousand teachers were not reassigned to schools outside their own residential areas. Big Brother is watching them.

Sexism, Junior Division

Big Brother watches in many ways. Mr. Diogenes was instructed by an HEW functionary in San Francisco that "sexism" must be totally eliminated from classrooms, on pain of severe chastisement. Male and female pupils must not wait in separate lines, or in any other way be treated as if they were different one from another. Diogenes complied with various orders to this effect. At length he received a directive that hereafter he must never refer to "boys and girls": he must address his little charges as "children"—or perhaps "schoolpersons." At that, Mr. Diogenes rebelled. He would be willing to go so far as to call the pupils "girls and boys," he replied, but he would not insult them by ignoring their sexual identity altogether. At this defiance the HEW tyrant fell silent. The only effective way to deal with an HEW push is to push back.

Meanwhile, most public schools teach badly whatever they teach at all—as one may learn in detail by reading Frank Armbruster's recent book *Our Children's Crippled Future* (Quadrangle Books). Compulsory congregation (otherwise styled forced integration, as distinguished from desegregation), has much to do with this failure. I commend to you also Lino Graglia's book *Disaster by Decree: The Supreme Court Decisions on Race and the Schools* (Cornell University Press). Nothing valuable is learnt on the freeways of L.A. □

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A Literary Profile

NICHOLAS KING

Rebecca West: A Celebration
By Rebecca West, critical introduction by Samuel Hynes
Viking, 780 pp., $20

"So *that's* where it comes from!" I was at a performance of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* in London the other day and Claire Bloom's part bore the name of Rebecca West. One knew that the real, or "real," Miss West had taken her pseudonym from Ibsen, though one didn't think of it as Norwegian. She decided on the name at an early age and chose wisely as regards sound and recognition. She also wisely forgot the context, for the Rebecca West of *Rosmersholm* is almost an archetype of the intriguing, devouring woman who finally brings the world down around her in the name of moral ideals—in this case the ideals of nineteenth century Scandinavian liberalism.

Miss West, or Dame Rebecca as she is now styled, may still have an Ibsen conscience, but her world has flowered well beyond introspection, and this book has collected much of it. Some will say too much, for it is made up of many subjects and cannot easily be read through. It celebrates the milestones of her long career, journalistic, novelistic, and biographical, and includes large chunks of her most famous work, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, an inventory of the peoples of Yugoslavia. This book remains, for the ordinary reader, the last word on the land and history of the southern Slavs, even though it was written 35 years ago, long before the convulsion of Communism overtook them.

The publishers, looking back now from a different age, tend to present her work as centered on two themes, feminism and the modern fatality of war. Certainly, the fact of Dame Rebecca's womanhood informs her point of view constantly, but her feminism is of the old-fashioned, more practical kind —that of a woman who has succeeded in clearing the requisite space around her in society and has proved that she is as good as a man at her job; indeed, is every bit as energetic and well-educated, and has, in addition, that sensibility and tenderness which temper the steel to its finest edge and point.

Unlike the feminists of our day, she is a writer first, not a careerist. She does not want to play the role of a self-satisfied sacrificial victim. She wants to do right, not to be right, a distinction she applies with much effect to the inner drives of various Balkan peoples who have dealt with history in the belief that the gate of heaven is open only to the defeated. Her politics tend, therefore, to draw on the common-sensical and the humane—the hallmarks of the British liberal spirit between the World Wars and before them, the period which was her seed-bed. The heirs of Gladstone looked at the world from a viewpoint that was responsible, sensitive, and literary. Their enemies were injustice, poverty, humiliation, and dishonor, things that are not poison but caviar to the professional liberals of today. Above all, the old liberal conscience was a bourgeois creation which flourished in a bourgeois setting stamped upper-middle-class, and its sense of outrage was likely to be sterling—"honorable" was the word—whether it ended in harm or good.

Moreover, Dame Rebecca writes within a framework of Christian manners —it would hardly be possible to write about the Balkans, much less St. Augustine, without such a framework—which gives bone and sinew to her observations. For although Christianity came late to the Balkans, it was there most lately defended. *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* is a reading of a country by an ambitious talent, and remains unquestionably her best work.

Otherwise, Dame Rebecca is known for her own brand of journalism, specifically her reporting of criminal trials. Some of it is fairly recent, such as the treatment of Christine Keeler and the Profumo affair in the London of the

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Rene Kuhn Bryant *is a freelance writer living in Massachusetts. . . .* **Nicholas King** *reports from such disparate places as Paris, France; Newport, Rhode Island; and Plains, Georgia. . . .* **Laurie Prothro**, *a former* NR *staffer, is now based in San Francisco. . . .* **Whit Stillman** *works in the editorial department at Doubleday.*

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1960s. Her best-remembered accounts are those of the postwar Nuremberg trials and—in *The Meaning of Treason*—the case of William Joyce, the Lord Haw-Haw of the German radio broadcasts. The question—at this remove, when people have forgotten or never been taught who these traitors and war criminals were—is: How well does she convey their importance? More bluntly, are these pieces of journalism worth reading again? The answer, inevitably, is: Insofar as these subjects interest you. They are drawn from sources of history, but they are not history themselves.

For Dame Rebecca's way of presenting things is not reporting at all. It is more like meditation, often searching, often purring, cross-hatched by loosely presented facts—at the time of writing, be it remembered, familiar to everyone—and plumped out with great patches of needlepoint. A good example of the technique is her account, entitled "Mr. Setty and Mr. Hume," of the trial of a man accused of murdering a used-car dealer and dropping his dismembered body in packages from an airplane into the coastal waters of southeastern England. One of the packages, containing the victim's torso, was not dropped far enough out and came to rest on the mud flats of Essex, where it was discovered by a local fowler named Tiffen. The charge of murdering Setty was not proved against Hume, the airplane pilot, but Hume went to jail anyway for having knowingly disposed of the body.

OF THIS MILDLY interesting case Dame Rebecca makes sixty pages of tapestry. Her loom is diligently braced. She makes trips to see the discoverer of the body, Mr. Tiffen, in his home setting of yeoman respectability. She climbs the stairs of the apartment where the defendant lived and talks to his wife with sympathetic anxiety. Her descriptive powers—redeeming powers usually—exhibit themselves in her choice of wools; she is somehow secure in the conviction that the grand pattern of what she wants to say will be right as long as the individual perceptions are true.

When she visits the fowler on the Essex mud flats, obviously for the sake of color shadings, she finds him living with his mother in a derelict but brave coastguard station. Talk naturally centers on the grisly find of the packaged torso. A typical passage begins:

> Death was a sacred mystery to these people, and a loathsome obscenity; but also it had sometimes to be inflicted, and the risk of it suffered, in the way of duty. Gran had brought in cups of fresh hot tea, and for a minute or two we all drank and were silent. My eyes went to two photographs of destroyers on the walls, and Mr. Tiffen's brother-in-law said, "My ships in the war. We're all in the Navy here." "All in the Navy," nodded Gran . . .

The metaphysics are more pretentious and the writing slower-paced, but this is very much like what we get from Jimmy Breslin in his accounts of the good, honorable people of Queens: the same unconscious but unbearable patronizing, the same self-betrayal in the chosen details, the same bold bathos.

To point out this universal intrusion of metaphysics into the writing of Dame Rebecca West, reporter, is another way of saying she never lets well enough alone. The i's are dotted and the t's crossed with genteel relentlessness, and the *obiter dicta* brush perilously close to the jagged glass of fine writing. Here is how she opens a chapter (not reprinted in this collection but typical of her work) from *Black Lamb*. She and her party have arrived at a Serbian village named Franzstal and settled themselves at an inn for lunch:

> Above us the day was blue and golden, as it had rarely been during this lachrymose spring. Around us it may have been so also, but we did not know. We were shut up in the courtyard of an inn. There was nothing remarkable about the courtyard. It was quite large, the rooms around it had a certain cozy quality, not at all Slav, as if they were built for a congestion which would not be at all contentious, but warm and animal and agreeable; on a line across the courtyard hung scarlet blankets and white sheets and towels embroidered in red cross-stitch; in flower beds running by the wall primroses and tulips grew with an amusing stiffness. All that was worth seeing there could be seen in ten seconds.

But not read in ten seconds. One wonders where the editor was when this passage first came up in the galleys.

To be fair, Dame Rebecca makes no claim for her own literary profile. "I had never used my writing to make a continuous disclosure of my own personality to others," she says at the end of *Black Lamb*, "but to discover for

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE DECEMBER TITLES: *Dramatist in America: Letters of Maxwell Anderson* (North Carolina University, $19.95) does not tell a story that should be set to music by Richard Rodgers. The book is edited by Laurence G. Avery. . . . Morton Halperin and Daniel Hoffman's *Freedom v. National Security* (Chelsea House, $15) argues that, despite the fact that so many people's right to privacy has been so many times invaded by the government, the Supreme Court has generally decided in favor of the private citizen. . . . In *The Victim as Criminal and Artist: Literature from the American Prison* (Oxford, $13.95), H. Bruce Franklin has undertaken what purports to be the first critical study ever made of prison writings. He calls Afro-American culture the most influential tradition in American literature.

■ MORE JANUARY TITLES: The protagonist of Wilfrid Sheed's new novel, *Transatlantic Blues* (Dutton, $9.95), is a British-American TV personality, lucratively and ignobly working both sides of the Atlantic. . . . *The Literary Politicians* (Doubleday, $10), by Mitchell S. Ross, consists of studies of the work of William F. Buckley Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., Norman Mailer, and other writers. . . . Orlando Patterson's *Ethnic Chauvinism: The Reactionary Impulse* (Stein & Day, $15) treats the "ethnic revival" as a recidivist thing, part of a conservative backlash. The book is academic in the worst sense: intellectually over-elaborate and virtually impenetrable. . . . Roger MacBride, the perennial Libertarian candidate for President of the United States, is publishing *Rose Wilder Lane: Her Story* (Stein & Day, $8.95), which he has pieced together from Mrs. Lane's journals and writings. MacBride is Mrs. Lane's heir; she is the daughter of Laura Ingalls Wilder, one of the fine prose artists of the last half-century and author of the Little House books. . . . Christopher Hill's new book is *Milton and the English Revolution* (Viking, $20), which attempts to show Milton's closeness to many of the radical social and theological movements of the seventeenth century. . . . Joan Mellon argues, in *Big Bad Wolves: Masculinity in American Films* (Pantheon, $12.95), that the superstuds of the screen have caused strong women to cower and brave men to despair.

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my own edification what I knew about various subjects which I found to be important to me." This remark is used to show how difficult it is to define her as a writer, but it fits well if you think of an artist in needlepoint facing the challenge of a difficult design. It is a challenge which shows up most directly in her portrait of St. Augustine, an inspired sketch for a dossal to dominate the furnishings in her temple of ideas.

There is much in being a good craftsman; in using words well and knowing their meaning; in exhibiting discrimination in regard to landscape and architecture; in being sympathetic to unsympathetic yet deserving historical personages. Dame Rebecca is successful in these fields. She is successful, too, in that terrible contest of making what one writes stand up well, for nothing ages like journalism. And, like a good and conscientious craftsman, she has enjoyed her work. But although she may be honestly and creditably satisfied —and although this book is a creditable attempt at conveying that satisfaction— many people won't be. □

FICTION

The Shad Treatment
By Garrett Epps
Putnam, 444 pp., $9.95

SEEING CRIMSON

WHIT STILLMAN

In 1971, toward the end of the collegiate reign of terror, Garrett Epps was president and Robespierre of the *Harvard Crimson*, a politically engagé student newspaper. Now he has written a novel about anti-fascism and Southern gentlemanliness and, at a deeper level, about how he feels very angry.

The hero of *The Shad Treatment* is young Mac Evans, a recent Harvard graduate working as an aide in the 1973 Virginia gubernatorial campaign of liberal Democrat Thomas Jefferson Shadwell—who resembles the actual Democratic candidate of that year, Henry Howell—against former Governor Miles Brock—who resembles both the actual Governor Mills Godwin and the contemporaneous Spanish head of state, Francisco Franco. A note on the book jacket says that the author's family has a long Virginia history, and it turns out that the hero's family has one too. Great-great-grandfather Evans was an antebellum tycoon who found his fair treatment of a black employee misunderstood in racist Richmond. Grandfather was an Episcopal bishop and a founder of St. Cyprian's School, where the motto is, "We all can't be scholars, but we can all be gentlemen." Young Mac's father, Colonel Joshua Tutelo Evans, represented as counsel a friend involved in labor agitation in the early Thirties and as a result was socially ostracized and asked to leave his Establishment law firm ("If he hadn't been rich, he would have starved"). With the coming of the New Deal, Evans is given the U.S. consulship in Seville, just in time for what he refers to as "the so-called Spanish Civil War . . . nothing less than a full-scale invasion of Spain by the Fascist powers, Germany and Italy." (Inserted in the novel here are seven pages of the fictional consul's congressional testimony on the invasion.)

Evans fights the Nazis with the OSS and becomes a colonel, but, even with the Silver Star, he finds his patriotism is called into question when he runs for governor in 1949. He loses, and once again he's socially ostracized: "They'd made life in Richmond pretty unpleasant for us after that." Then the Colonel is visited by a pair of FBI agents who do not understand that fighting the Nazis sometimes meant helping Spanish Communists (another seven-page transcript here). What happens next should be predictable by now: the smears, the questioning of loyalty, the inability to write a screenplay under one's own name. Finally, self-exile to a South American country closely resembling Chile.

The novel eventually returns to autumn 1973. Virginia is in the midst of the heated Shadwell-Brock gubernatorial campaign when the Colonel abruptly returns from the South American country, where there has been a military coup d'état. "You know, son," the Colonel tells Mac, "for a few seconds I honestly thought I was back in Seville; it all seemed to be happening again, as if those 35 years had not passed."

NOT LONG AFTERWARD the Colonel dies; young Mac's reaction is rage, anticipatory of how the Richmond newspapers might handle the matter editorially: "If they had for any reason whatsoever done this final outrage, run one of their sniggering editorials about his father, taken a coward's kick at his corpse, then" he would take a shotgun "and go to the newspaper office in the light of day and shoot someone." Whether or not any of the rest of the novel is autobiographical, this part is; I know from having myself been on the *Harvard Crimson* during Epps's regime. His most famous editorial for the paper was a somewhat happy one on the occasion of J. Edgar Hoover's death; after all, there is a school of fiction which holds that in order to write about sniggering editorials honestly it is necessary to have written one first.

Another literary problem—that of young Mac's motivation—is explained this way: "Revenge. Revenge. Revenge. Revenge. Revenge." A Shadwell gubernatorial victory will revenge Mac for his elder brother's fatal brain tumor and for what happened in Seville back in 1936. Near the end of *The Shad Treatment*, after Shadwell has lost and young Mac has been pistol-whipped by a reactionary member of the snobbish Confederate Club, there is a moment of great emotional candor. Mac phones a young woman he has not talked with for weeks and discovers that she has promised herself to another, leaving him holding the telephone receiver: "from its gaping mouth came the droning dial tone, a malevolent empty hum: BADNEWSCOMINGBADNEWSCOMINGBADNEWSCOMING until he could stand it no more and he brought the receiver up over his head and then down, smashed it against the cradle again and again until it broke into two jagged pieces."

Perhaps the message of *The Shad Treatment* is that many telephone receivers will have to be broken before things are really changed for the better in this world. Or perhaps its main lesson is that while we all can't be gentlemen or good novelists, we can all be very angry. □

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Jocelyn
By John Galsworthy
Holt, 173 pp., $6.95

A LITERARY ARTIFACT

RENE KUHN BRYANT

John Galsworthy a swinger? It does sound faintly silly, put that way, doesn't it? But we live, it seems, in an age which runs through reputations—sorry, *images*—fairly swiftly, and the current public taste for titillation having been deemed insatiable by those who cater to it, the past can often be made to provide some, if scruples are thrown overboard.

The case at hand is the re-publication of *Jocelyn*, of which Galsworthy's latest biographer, Catherine Dupré, has written in the afterword: "*Jocelyn* is the first full-length novel of John Galsworthy; it is also the only novel that he completely rejected in later years, and refused ever to have reprinted. The first and only edition was published in 1898 under the pseudonym that Galsworthy used for his first books, John Sinjohn, and of this edition only 750 copies were distributed in England." Miss Dupré then goes on in a gentle, knowledgeable fashion to speculate on the personal reasons Galsworthy may have had for his wish never to see this early effort exhumed. But like a conscientious nanny dealing with an obdurately shy young charge, she overrules his hypothetical objections in favor of displaying his talents to current readers. "*Jocelyn*," she concludes, "reveals an aspect of John Galsworthy of which most of his readers are entirely ignorant. He was a passionate, warm, vital human being; and as we read his later, more restrained novels, it is well to remember that *Jocelyn* lurks behind the pages."

That may very well be. But, taken on its own, *Jocelyn* is an abysmally bad novel, melodramatic, bathetic, and turgid. With all the glorious achievements of nineteenth century romantic novelists to choose among (Miss Braddon especially springs to mind), *Jocelyn* must have seemed paltry and faltering to its original readers. To the modern reader, it is altogether unsatisfying when it is not downright unbelievable.

Not to prolong the suspense, *Jocelyn* is the account of an adulterous affair between Giles Legard, handsome, aimless, and not very bright, and Jocelyn Ley, handsome, aimless, and possibly not very bright either, although she's frightfully enigmatic, so it's hard to say. The setting is the Riviera; the time, the turn of the century. The fly in the ointment is Giles's wife, Irma. Irma is rich, Polish, and mysteriously but hopelessly invalided. Giles had married her ten years before for reasons Galsworthy never bothers to go into, unless you count this sort of maundering: "She had married him for one or other of the unnumbered reasons for which women marry men, any one of which is good enough till after the event."

The dialogue is equally excruciating in its banality, as in this exchange between Giles and Jocelyn early in their affair:

" 'We have something to say to each other, haven't we?'

" 'Yes. What made you come?'

" 'Your face at the station.'

" 'Ah.' "

The novel is fat with interior monologues as well. These, to put it charitably, simply do not bear repeating; nor does the plot.

But, Miss Dupré assures us, re-issuing *Jocelyn* does a great service to literary history. Why? Well—*now it can be told—Jocelyn* is a fictionalized version, with genders reversed, of Galsworthy's own adultery with his cousin's wife, Ada, whom he eventually married after an affair that had lasted ten years.

To the biographer such a discovery can provide a rich vein of relevant material to follow in pursuit of a living likeness. One can sympathize with his excitement as puzzles yield to patient probing and mysteries are solved and fitted into the mosaic of character and personality that he is recreating. Most such discoveries, however, belong in footnotes or bibliographies. Much as one may applaud Miss Dupré's motive in wishing to show how Galsworthy managed passion when it was his own, one can only conclude that Galsworthy was more concerned for his literary than his personal reputation in his determined disavowal of *Jocelyn*. He was right. Oblivion and *Jocelyn* were made for each other. □

THE MOVIES

THE ENGINEER OF FLUID MECHANICS

JOHN SIMON

François Truffaut has had a career not untypical of some of our most gifted filmmakers: a brilliant start followed by considerable floundering. No cinematic *œuvre* could have begun more felicitously than his, with that remarkable trio of films, *The 400 Blows*, *Shoot the Piano Player*, and *Jules and Jim*. These pictures combined vitality with poignancy; they were informed by a nervous rhythm that could nevertheless linger over lyrical incidents, and a hard-bitten humor one could almost as easily cry as laugh at. Each of these films, for all the director's very pronounced personality, retained its own particular flavor: there were no repetitions, no transposable parts.

But already with his fourth feature, *The Tender Skin*, Truffaut was in trouble, and though there were many good sequences in *Stolen Kisses* and *The Wild Child*, and some good ideas unsteadily blinking in *The Story of Adèle H.*, there were other movies with little to recommend them. The main problem seems to be a certain sentimentality, an ingratiating bittersweetness that apportions the bitter and the sweet with almost culinary calculation. The sentimentality is not quite your standard sort, with things gallantly muddling through to a comforting conclusion; but failure and sadness have a way of becoming badges of achievement, permitting their bearers access to a world of bizarre, melancholy grace—perhaps free admission to the Cinémathèque Française.

No previous film of Truffaut's, however—not the preposterous *The Bride*

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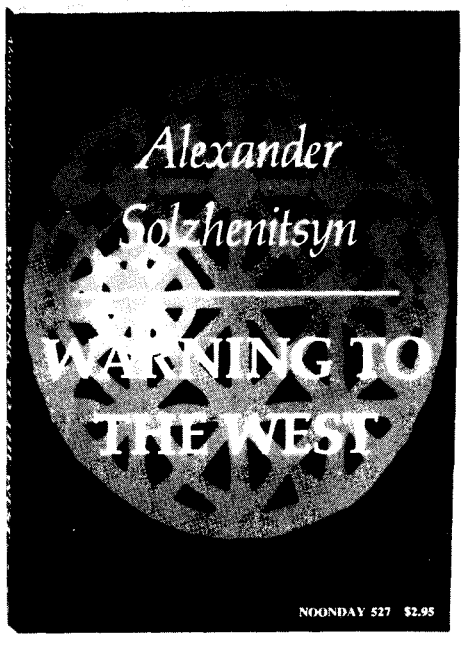

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— WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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In fact, it's hard to overrate Solzhenitsyn's impact. Malcolm Muggeridge goes so far as to call him "the greatest man now alive in the world" and this book will give you a good idea *why* he makes such a statement. As Lane Kirkland says in his foreword, "A principle of mechanics tells us that, given a long-enough lever, one man can move the entire world." Solzhenitsyn is putting that principle to the test. Will America listen? Will you?

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Wore Black, not the desperately self-plagiarizing *Two English Girls*, not even the glamorized gossip column that was *Day for Night*—can surpass *The Man Who Loved Women* in non-risk-taking triviality. The hero, Bertrand Morane, is an engineer at the Institute for the Study of Fluid Mechanics in amiably provincial Montpellier, where he also plies his avocation: the insatiable yet ingenuous pursuit of women, with countless, though often troublesome, successes, as well as an occasional picturesque failure.

To dispense with traditional suspensefulness, the film begins with Bertrand's funeral, and also ends with it, as seen from the point of view of Geneviève, his literary editor and most enlightened girlfriend. For Bertrand is also the author of an amorous autobiography entitled *The Man Who Loved Women*, and the film moves along three planes: the plane of events, that of recording them in a book, and that of memory being transformed by art. But compared to what a Pirandello—to say nothing of a Proust—could do with this sort of material, Truffaut remains a piker; let us say an engineer of mechanical fluidity. At best he becomes impish, as when the same actress plays Bertrand's mother and the prostitute who initiates the hero as a boy, but even this conceit remains undeveloped.

On however many planes, though, the film is basically a retelling of the Don Juan story, and the artist who broaches one of our great myths or legends is duty bound to enrich it with his personal vision and interpretation. Truffaut, however, not only adds nothing to it, but actually detracts from the great tale by trivializing it. Morane is in love mostly with women's legs; it is by following one pair that he gets run over by a car, and by craning excessively to see another, that of a nurse, that he falls out of his hospital bed, fatally unplugging the tubes that were restoring him to life. Even that leg fixation is artistically suspect—perhaps merely an excuse for piquant camera angles: much of the film is shot from the eye level of a hunting dog.

If there is any genuine feeling in this movie, it is less for women than for literature. Truffaut recently took time off for some bookwriting, which seems to have become a passion with him equal to his passion for making films. Accordingly, Bertrand is at least as obsessed with getting his book out as with getting into women; and it is, of course, Geneviève, his editor, who is the most interesting and desirable of all his women. Indeed, the camera embraces Bertrand's typewriter as lovingly as if it had found in it a long-lost, beloved elder brother.

Otherwise, it's all the usual twists: the attractive older woman who, while Bertrand thinks he is doing her a favor, rejects him for the sake of young boys; the jolly waitress with whom one can actually have a platonic friendship (though this had something to do with the fact that the actress playing the part had to leave Montpellier after a couple of days' shooting); the old flame, bumped into without much pleasure, with whom one ends up arguing about who walked out on whom. This last part, by the way, is played by that once winsome gamine, Leslie Caron, now grown into a remarkably inept middle-aged actress.

I have my doubts about a Don Juan played by Charles Denner, a swarthy little hawk-nosed fellow, but I assume that, like Jean-Pierre Léaud, he serves as a visual alter ego for Truffaut. Denner is a striking actor in the right part; here he contributes no more than a wounded-animal look and that extraordinary deep voice of his, part softness, part asperity, like velvet rubbed in the wrong direction. Among the women, Brigitte Fossey, as the brainy yet gentle Geneviève, and Geneviève Fontanel, as the aging youth-lover, pathetic but also proud, are outstanding, with the German actress Sabine Gläser also likable as a rent-a-car hostess only slightly less fast than her cars.

Nestor Almendros' photography is less exciting than usual, and Maurice Jaubert's music is even less appropriate here than in *Adèle H.* It is lovely of Truffaut to dip into the *Nachlass* of this great French film composer who fell in World War II, but the way he misapplies these heirlooms merely attests to his lack of feeling for music. What he is still splendid at is pacing, and the film moves forward with the springiness of a stalking feline. This time, unfortunately, not a leopard, only a domestic tabby, bringing home a rather measly mouse.

If, on the other hand, you want European filmmaking at its worst, consider the *Iphigenia* of Michael Cacoyannis. This arrogant *petit-maître* presumes to rewrite Euripides' tragedy—a very modern, almost cynical, tragedy at that—as an old-fashioned tear-jerker complete with De Millean crowd scenes, hammy cinematography, much meaningless running around, and a crude score by Mikis Theodorakis. The acting, too, is quite indifferent, ranging from a rather lethargic Iphigenia, played by an adolescent who might as easily be a boy as a girl, to Irene Papas, who continues her career as Europe's leading all-purpose *mater dolorosa*, equally adaptable to tragic whores and to whorishly misadapted tragedies. □

ART

QUARTET AND VARIATIONS

RUTH BERENSON

Purveyors of gloom and doom notwithstanding, this is the best and most exciting art season New York has witnessed in years. New galleries are popping up on Madison Avenue, auction houses announce new price records with every sale, and weekend crowds at the museums are almost as raucous and enthusiastic as the much-maligned Yankee fans. Many of the museum shows will travel after leaving here, but somehow seeing them in New York is like seeing a Broadway show in its Broadway incarnation, always preferable to catching it on the road. The only trouble—and this seems to be the trouble on Broadway too—is choosing from this embarrassment of riches.

Undoubtedly the main attraction—absolutely SRO on weekends—is the

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Cézanne exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Though generations of art historians have drummed it into our heads that Cézanne was the fountainhead of modern art, his works, apart from those in public collections, are not often displayed; this show (on view till January 3, when it will go to Houston, and then on to the Grand Palais in Paris) is the first of its kind in America since 1952.

IT IS NOT A FULL-LENGTH survey of the artist but concentrates, instead, on the seminal oils and watercolors of his last decade, from 1895 to his death, at age 67, in 1906. Like Beethoven's last quartets, these late works represent the summit of his achievement. The parallel with Beethoven can be carried further, for, like the quartets, these paintings are not easily grasped; their density and complexity, both stylistic and emotional, are a far cry from the simple, immediate appeal of the artist in his younger days. His landscapes, formerly clear and serene, now show a taste for wild, remote, overgrown areas; instead of limitless vistas, the perspectives tend to be closed off; and nature, which used to smile, is now hostile and baleful, rendered in deep, menacing hues that hint of catastrophe. The still-lifes undergo a similar transformation, with the familiar apples and oranges exuding a strange, moody intensity at variance with their Chardinesque predecessors. And the portraits, though retaining the statuesque immobility of Cézanne's earlier portraits, possess an inner restlessness, a half-repressed emotion that takes us back to the romanticism of the artist's youth.

Apart from the depth of color, there is another new element: an obsession with the painted surface, which sometimes seems to exist independently of the canvas' subject, foreshadowing what Braque and Picasso would do not long afterward. In fact, though, Cézanne intended nothing like that; for him each dab or sweep of the brush meant a further refinement of the vision which a particular subject—portrait or landscape, nude or still-life—evoked in his mind's eye. He often felt dissatisfied with what he had done, because, in his old age, it was the subjective experience rather than the objective apprehension of reality which absorbed him.

To the historically minded, what this exhibition demonstrates is that it is not only cubism and abstraction which owe their genesis to Cézanne, but expressionism as well. The art of Kirchner and Klee, Hofmann and Pollock, stems from him just as much as that of Picasso and Braque, Mondrian and Vasarely. Which brings us to another noteworthy offering: the big Jasper Johns retrospective at the Whitney (until January 22, when it will leave for Cologne, Paris, Tokyo, and San Francisco). Visiting it not long after I had looked at the Cézanne, I was struck with how Johns, for all the deliberate triviality of his subject-matter ("Take an object. Do something to it. Do something else to it," he wrote in his notebook), is a legitimate descendant of Cézanne in that he, too, is absorbed in manipulating the surfaces of his work, painted or sculpted.

This is most evident in the flag, target, number, and alphabet pictures of the Fifties and Sixties, which seemed so incomprehensible to most of us when they were first shown, but which, in retrospect, have something of the fascination of Bach's Goldberg Variations, with their seemingly endless permutations on a single, simple theme. Less appealing are the paintings of the later Sixties and the Seventies. They are much more subjective (Johns's occasional explanations as reported by Michael Crichton in the catalogue seem to be excerpted from a private language understood only by the artist and, possibly, those critics who have taken upon themselves the mission of interpreting him to the public), and they seem to reflect an obsession with images of death and mutilation. The most recent work—striped canvases allegedly suggested by a tree painted to look like a barber pole that the artist saw in *National Geographic*—indicates a paucity of invention which one hopes is not permanent. Unquestionably, though, Johns is a major, though self-limiting, artist; if only for his lithographs, shown here *in extenso*, he merits this assessment.

There's no space here to cover the other shows currently on view, except to mention the Peruvian gold objects at the Natural History Museum—perhaps the finest such display ever seen here—and the inaugural exhibition of Hirschl and Adler's new gallery, featuring, among other goodies, an enormous *Adoration of the Shepherds* by Thomas Cole, which was formerly owned by the Boston Atheneum and has been reposing unseen in the cellars of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts since 1889. It is a marvelous picture, rivaling the romantic fantasies of Cole's British contemporary, John Martin. One wonders who will be lucky enough to snatch it up. □

NO BETTER RELIGION

LAURIE PROTHRO

Henri Matisse devoted his life to searching for an art of "equilibrium" that would sustain him in an unstable world. The exhibit of 55 Matisse cutouts that opened this fall at the National Gallery in Washington illustrates what heights this ambition of Matisse's led him to reach. His works cheer and rejuvenate, the childlike shapes in their innocence purify; together, the *gouaches découpées* celebrate all that is good in life.

The key to an art of equilibrium, Matisse discovered, was in reducing art to its essentials. As a student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris in the 1890s, Matisse was told he was born to simplify painting. Twenty years later, while teaching at his own school, the Académie Matisse, he would tell his students, "Every line must have its function." In retrospect, colored paper cutouts seem like the natural end of such a theory—to bypass sketching and painting by drawing with scissors directly in color. In fact, though, Matisse

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just happened to stumble across the cutout technique. It was in 1930, while working on an immense mural of dancers commissioned by American art collector Albert Barnes. Uncertain of the shape and position his dancers would ultimately take, he experimented with paper models to find the perfect placement. But by 1941 (when illness confined him to bed) he was using cut paper as an end in itself—a simpler, purer art form—and as a step forward in his search.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY exhibit presents a chronological cross-section of Matisse's cutouts, ranging from pieces used as working devices to his larger murals and stained glass windows. The shapes are deceptively simple. In *The Wine Press*, purple triangles and diamonds allude to the gears of the press as well as the grapes. *Christmas Night*, a composition of blue and white stars fluttering up to one great yellow star/sun, captures all the anticipation and final glory of that day. Another work, entitled *The Thousand and One Nights*, recounts the legend of Scheherazade in five consecutive rectangles, symbolizing at once the passage of night, corresponding changes in space, the flow of Scheherazade's words, and the king's intrigue.

For Matisse, color was as great a means of liberation as form. In seeking the most direct means of expressing himself, he reduced both to basics. He used primary colors with an abandon found elsewhere only in children's art, and with an understanding possible only in a great artist. His mural *Large Decoration with Masks* is composed of *almost* identical flower designs with subtle color changes scattered throughout. Although the mural refuses symmetry, it does establish a certain pattern—or an equilibrium.

The exhibit devotes one whole room to Matisse's 54-foot mural *The Swimming Pool*, which circles the room, at eye level and above, in a wash of blue and beige. The viewer feels surrounded by the female swimmers, whose bodies seem to join the water in fluid motion. Each arm slices the water with a slap or a gurgle, each foot descends with a plunk. The form of the swimmers—by 1952 a recognizable Matisse characteristic—evolved from a painting of a chunky, reclining model he did in 1906, called *Blue Nude*. He later executed a series of four blue nudes in cutouts, in various poses and at various stages of development; the National Gallery exhibit fills one room with them. *Blue Nude IV*, the most elaborate, is literally sculpted in paper.

Throughout his life, Matisse turned from one medium to another in order to renew his energies and explore new means of expression: sculpture, odalisque portraits, book illustration, and finally paper cutting. But before he concentrated on cutouts, he tackled another art form that had challenged his creative genius: designing a chapel of thanks for the Dominican nuns who had cared for him during his illness in 1941. From the blueprint stage on he designed the entire chapel in Vence, on the Riviera: he chose the construction materials, designed the furniture, and, above all, produced the stained glass windows. The National's show includes a model of the windows, a blow-up of Matisse sitting in the still unfinished chapel (where the light was finest, he thought, at 11 o'clock of a winter morning), and one of the six sets of vestments which Matisse also designed. The red and yellow robe, combined with the brilliant colors filtered through the stained glass and the chapel's simple, pure interior, becomes—like all of Matisse's work—a celebration of life. To Matisse, there was no better religion.

The exhibit, organized jointly by the National Gallery, the St. Louis City Museum, and the Detroit Institute of Arts, is now in Detroit (until January 8); it will then move to St. Louis, where it will remain from January 29 to March 12. □

DELECTATIONS

A HOLIDAY ALTERNATIVE

NIKA HAZELTON

One Christmas, as we sat down to the traditional turkey dinner, several of my nearest and dearest remarked with a certain asperity that a mother with the patient air of a tired saint does not add to the season's jollity. They laughed at me for trying to do alone that which used to be done by a slew of female relatives for the delectation of the male relatives who were giving tone to the establishment by sitting in the parlor.

Whatever the validity of this observation, I do agree that full-scale turkey dinners are for large families where the problem of leftovers does not weigh upon the following week. (I have never understood, incidentally, why eating turkey leftovers for days and days and days should be a sign of moral virtue, as it is regarded by most people.) So, in a speculative mood, I worked out another Christmas dinner, where the food can be prepared beforehand and is more in tune with modern appetites. The menu has proved to be very popular, and not only at Christmas. Several of the recipes are found in good standard cookbooks; I give some of the others below.

FIRST, HAVE lots of champagne for everybody, in parlor or kitchen. Then, when you are ready to eat, proceed with the following menu:

Cream of Barley Soup *(One hot dish is needed.)*
Cold Roast Sirloin
  Rémoulade Sauce
  Sour Cream Horseradish Sauce
Dilled Carrot Salad
White Bean Salad with Lemon French Dressing
Watercress Salad with Mustardy Egg Dressing
  One whole wheel Brie, with apple slices and grapes
  French bread, pumpernickel, and sweet butter
Flaming Plum Pudding with Brandy Hard Sauce *(at Christmas)*
Dried Apricot–Pineapple Compote with macaroons *(at other times)*

Throughout the meal, serve a good but not extravagant red Bordeaux or California Cabernet.

As to leftovers, the cold roast sirloin, if any *is* left over, will be good; and any remaining salad can be thrown out without qualms: the salads are not expensive, and, anyway, leftover salads are so cold, so white, so bare that they deserve to be tossed out.

CREAM OF BARLEY SOUP
4 to 6 servings

3 tablespoons butter
¼ cup medium barley

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1 celery stalk, minced
1 medium onion, minced
6 cups hot chicken bouillon
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
1 cup light or heavy cream
1 tablespoon minced fresh dill weed *or* 2 tablespoons minced parsley

Heat the butter in a large saucepan. Add the barley, celery, and onion. Cook, stirring constantly, for two or three minutes. Add bouillon, and salt (but not too much: bouillon is salty) and pepper to taste. Bring to boiling point and lower heat to very low. Simmer covered for thirty minutes. Puree in a blender. Before serving, stir in the cream and heat through, but do not allow to boil. Sprinkle with dill or parsley.

Sour Cream Horseradish Sauce

Yield: About 1 cup

1 cup sour cream
Grated fresh horseradish to taste (begin with 2 tablespoons)
1 teaspoon sugar
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons minced parsley

Combine all the ingredients and chill before serving.

Dilled Carrot Salad

4 to 6 servings

3 tablespoons olive or salad oil
1 tablespoon red or white wine vinegar
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons minced fresh dill weed (or to taste)
¼ cup minced onion or shallots
18 medium carrots, scraped, cooked, well drained, and thinly sliced

First make the dressing with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and dill. Combine onion and carrots in a salad or serving bowl. Add the dressing and toss carefully. Chill before serving.

Watercress Salad

4 to 6 servings

2 bunches watercress
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine

Remove the tough stems from the watercress. Wash and drain thoroughly. Wrap in a towel and refrigerate until serving time. Mix together the remaining ingredients in a salad bowl. Add watercress and toss until well mixed.

Dried Apricot–Pineapple Compote

4 to 6 servings

1 cup dried apricots
1 cup water
1 cup fresh orange juice
1 cup superfine sugar
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Grated rind of ½ orange
½ cup Kirsch
1 fresh pineapple, peeled, trimmed, and cut into bite-size pieces

Soak apricots overnight or for 24 hours in the combined water and orange juice. Drain, and measure liquid. There

should be 2 cups. If not, make up the difference with equal parts of water and fresh orange juice. Combine the apricot liquid and sugar in a saucepan. Cook uncovered over low heat for three minutes or until the sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat and stir in lemon and orange rind and Kirsch. Combine apricots and pineapple in a glass serving dish. Pour hot liquid over the fruit, stir to blend, and chill before serving.

Note: The size of the pineapple does not make any difference, but it should be ripe and free from blemishes. □

The GIMLET EYE

GETTING STREETWISE

D. KEITH MANO

2 A.M. and somehow I'm lying in the Seagram's fountain. Strictly, you understand, an act of Christian outreach. This is. Got to save best old drinking buddy gone down third or maybe fourth time in 18 inches of water: certainly most excessive chaser for straight Jack Daniel's. This is. Remember lifeguard manual: don't let panicky drowner take you with him. But some trouble now: severe paralysis: no, have knelt on my own thumb again. Wife, meanwhile, has had it up to here with both of us: i.e., has had it (water) only up to her kneecaps. Before we can figure just who is rescuing who-whom, what etiquette will go with it, crazy all-round shoreline, wife's went and invited an absolute stranger in because the water's fine. For late November, fine. I feel good, a literary allusion. The Seagram's fountain doesn't have as much literary clop as the Plaza fountain, but this is closer than I thought I'd come to being Scott Fitzgerald. Or Zelda.

Now, could be a fault, but I do tend to trust people in fountains. And George, the stranger, well of dress, not intemperately black, comes from Upstate, just-like-us. George has this problem: hit an AD Exacta at OTB, but the office clammed shut before he could collect $138 and change. Broke, no place to dry his shoes. Would I cash the ticket . . . look if you don't believe—unfolds a page of his *Daily Murdoch*: AD, fifth race, $138 plus. Uh-uh, I'm from New York, no matter I can't hold my water, let's see his ticket first. And George splashes, just the correct amount of fear, where is it? Yup, in a vest pocket. Sure enough, AD, right date, right race. But, I'm from New York, I insist on some vigorish for my services. I'll give $120, flat last offer. Poor George with his wet socks, got him strung out on the line.

I know, I know: you coulda told me. So where were you with your wisemouth advice when I wanted it? Next day—while I lie in bed, Antofagasta ants walking up and down my new strep throat—next day the wife is al-

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most busted at OTB. Counterfeit: George had an AB ticket. With van Eyck care for detail he eviscerated the B. No little line. Then all he needs is for someone to fall in the Seagram's fountain. My wife and her friends.

I am streetwise, brother. Streetwise because I've been ripped off more times than a legal pad. I've bought hot Omega watches for $25 that had nothing inside them: you'll never need to repair it, the guy said: right. Three years ago I bought a diamond pinky ring that cut storefront glass on Eighth Avenue; and broke foursquarely in half on my bedroom mirror. I've even bought, yes, the famous dancing doll: "Step on his feet, pull his head, and watch him dance. One dolluh." They still run this number in dark subway underpasses. It's a cardboard and crepe paper item: one man does the foot stepping; one man jerks a hidden string through his trouser pocket. When you get it home: job action, blank. The thing just lays there like a tiny dead venetian blind, and your children hope your brain genes haven't been passed on to them. New York is Scamtown: the wax Big Apple. Electronic dodges are in style now. Wanna know a great phone trick? Suppose you have some friend whose number ends in the digit 1. Suppose BU 7-8641. Dial BU 7-864, then hit the hang-up buttons a smart rap. Your call will go through uncharged, even long-distance, or so they tell me. Don't say *NR* isn't worth reading.

THEN THERE'S the Philadelphia sting. Latin con man sits down beside Latin mark on an IRT local. Asks in Spanish, "This train go to Philadelphia?" No, this is the South Ferry local. Gotta get off at Penn Station, pick up Amtrak. "That cost money?" Sure. Well, con man is broke but willing to sell ring worth $100. Mark can't afford; is suspicious anyhow. At this point a dapper white businessman says, "I don't speak Spanish. How much does he want for that?" $100. "Let me look, I'm a jeweler." Just happens to have his loupe. "Real emerald, worth five hundred at least. I've got fifty on me, what d'you have?" Mark can manage $30. "Convince him to sell for $80. Don't let him know how much it's really worth." Con man #1 gives in, after all he's gotta get to Philly. Exchange. Con man #2 gives a fake card, says he'll trust the mark to bring it around tomorrow,

they'll split profits even up. My stop now and sayonara thirty bucks.

Nastiest of all is the cab trap. A young black told me about this one. He arrives at his destination, and the cabbie (white) says, "That'll be $100." Whaddaya mean $100? "$100 or I drop you at the precinct house and tell them you tried to hold me up." My friend wants out, but cabbie has engineered those metal bar latches so neither door will open. Look on the floor, cabbie says. Uh-oh: an authentic-seeming toy pistol there: evidence. Friend tries to heave it out the window; windows won't open more than one inch. "My word against yours." White middle-class cabbie *v.* black with gun. Wanna give odds on that one? Costs my friend $45 and his Timex to go 17 blocks.

Yeah, I've been took like aspirins, yet—you know—I've never once begrudged it. Often I could smell a flam, but I paid the price anyway: for entertainment value. There is something irresistible, beguiling, Yankee-native about your first-rate con. I think both he and I were more interested in the game than in the money. Shame we can't coax this talent into our legit national work force. With boldness and imagination like that, America could put a man on Mars. Where I've just bought one thousand acres of prime canalfront real estate. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE USSR *v.* DR. MIKHAIL STERN: *The Only Tape Recording of a Trial Smuggled Out of the Soviet Union, edited by August Stern (Urizen, 267 pp., $9.95).* This volume is a trial transcript with supporting documents and explanatory introductions. It traces the case of Dr. Mikhail Stern, a Ukrainian endocrinologist, who was singled out for persecution by local Soviet authorities for two reasons: he was a Jew, and he would not behave like a good Communist and dissuade his two sons from emigrating to Israel. Stern faced trumped-up charges that he extorted money from patients, and even rumors that he poisoned them. At his Kafkaesque trial, witness after witness bravely denied the testimony that KGB agents had provided for them; yet even so, Stern received a sentence of eight years' imprisonment and the confiscation of his property. Only after a barrage of protest was launched in his behalf from the West was he freed, after four years of captivity, and allowed to leave Russia. These transcripts are often repetitious and tinged with the dryness that tends to infect both legal and medical jargon, but they do offer a rare glimpse of the Soviet inquisition at work, as well as a recurring sense of hope that the valor, bravery, and common decency of the Soviet people may yet outlive the clumsy tyrannies that shackle them.

DAVID A. PIETRUSZA

DELMORE SCHWARTZ: *The Life of an American Poet, by Charles Atlas (Farrar, 418 pp., $15).* In his memorable short story "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," Delmore Schwartz envisioned himself at the scene of his father's proposal of marriage to his mother. "Don't do it!" he shouts, "it's not too late to change your minds, both of you. Nothing will come of it, only remorse, hatred, scandal, and two children whose characters are monstrous." Delmore's character was indeed monstrous. Egocentric, paranoid, ruthless, cruel, he was at the same time lovable in his vulnerability. None of his marriages or friendships was lasting, and he died in isolation, forgotten, his body unclaimed for two days. He was, in the Thirties, *the* poet of intellectual alienation, and of the Jewish immigration in its second-generation phase, when the love affair with America had withered, and suppressed feelings of antisemitism co-existed with pangs of guilt. A few of his introspective, difficult poems survive in the anthologies, admired but not loved; they teeter toward abstraction on vaguely grasped philosophical premises. But the poet's volatile, conflict-ridden personality and his tragic life, adumbrated earlier in his friend Saul Bellow's novel *Humboldt's Gift,* now breathe again in this superb and miraculously understanding biography.

SELDEN RODMAN

THE CONSUL'S FILE, *by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin, 209 pp., $8.95).* When the last American consul to Ayer Hitam,

(Continues on page 47)

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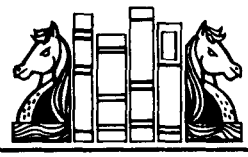
Dark Horses



M. STANTON EVANS

THE NATURAL UNITY of liberty and virtue, a subject frequently examined in this journal, is the theme of several recent volumes from conservative presses.

One such is a near-forgotten classic of its kind, restored to us through the good offices of the Liberty Fund of Indianapolis and Professor M. E. Bradford of the University of Dallas. The work is John Taylor's *Arator*, a book of agricultural-political homilies by the dean of Virginia strict-constructionists in the founding era and spiritual father to the Southern Agrarians of the 1930s (7440 N. Shadeland, Indianapolis, Ind. 46250; $9).

"Arator" is Latin for "ploughman," and though this is a bit rough-hewn for a wealthy lawyer-planter, it is true to the spirit of his essays. This is very much a book about farming, including proper methods of tilling and refreshing the soil, the relations of agriculture to manufactures, and the like. But it is also, as Bradford notes in his fine introduction, a moral-political book. Its guiding premise is that of ethical stewardship of the land; its political thesis, the need to limit government intrusions that weigh the farmer down with taxes and protective tariffs. Republican freedom and republican virtue, "Old Taylor" shows us, are equally vital to the well-being of the state.

To speak of liberty and virtue in a single sentence is to suggest at once the lifelong historical and ethical speculations of Lord Acton, and we have at hand a new and highly readable biography of the great historian. Robert Schuettinger's *Lord Acton* is a concise and ably written review of Acton's career, opinions, and struggles within both the Catholic Church and the historical profession to combine the themes of Christian virtue and personal freedom into a common intellectual system (Open Court, La Salle, Ill. 61301; $12.50).

Schuettinger and his subject are well met. The author is one of a rising generation of conservative scholars who understand the mutual reliance of freedom and moral value, and thus give proper stress to "libertarian" and "traditionalist" ideas alike. His study suggests that Acton's misfortune was to live at a time when religious authority and personal freedom were being brutally wedged apart—his greatness, that he fought a tenacious though losing battle to prevent this ruinous separation from occurring.

Acton was a famous polymath, and it is doubtful in our age of specialization that we shall see his like again. But if any living men can claim such honors, the Reverend R. J. Rushdoony, director of the Chalcedon Foundation in California, must surely be among them. In recent years, Rushdoony has produced a series of books as remarkable for their depth of learning as for their rapidly expanding number. The subjects are chiefly theological, but, as Rushdoony amply shows, a proper understanding of theology brings with it a proper understanding of philosophy, science, and other earthly subjects as well.

THIS WRITER'S *Institutes of Biblical Law* (Craig Press, Nutley, N.J. 07110; $14.80), whose third edition came forth last year, is a work of prodigious scope and erudition. An extensive gloss of the Ten Commandments, it argues among other things the harmony and continuity of the Old and New Testaments, the primacy of God's law throughout the Scriptures, and the roots of Western social-political institutions in Biblical teaching. Among the topics covered are private property, marriage and divorce, education, science and medicine, capital punishment and abortion, the recrudescence of magic, the meaning of homosexuality, and much, much more. The legal and social disorders of the age, Rushdoony tells us, are a direct result of our having lost our bearings in religious doctrine. This thoughtful book will provide the serious student of all such matters with many hours of instructive reading. □

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 44)

Malaysia finally opens the hidden cardboard boxes containing his predecessors' secret files, he finds colonies of white ants, chewed papers, blank pages, "and certainly no secret." This collection of short stories does not uncover any secrets either—reports on this Eastern world have been filed by Kipling and Conrad, Maugham and Greene—but it does disclose anew the insidious influence of the area on those white men and women who came to conquer, exploit, or civilize and who remained there, defeated, corrupted, and colonialized. The merits of this special genre—the re-exploration of exotic ground traveled before—reveal themselves best in "Coconut Gatherer," the story of Ayer Hitam's only novelist. The consul, who is a young, observant, sensitive diplomat with a still-adolescent taste for acting on provocative impulse, soon after his arrival visits Sundrum, the teacher-novelist, in his *kampong*. He expects Sundrum to be a "Chekhovian character stifling in an airless provincial town, comforted by his books, puffing his pipe, casting ironic glances at his neighbors and keeping his diary up to date," but instead finds him a humble, courtly, contented man who believes "life is so much more important than books." His unfulfilled ambition is to be a coconut gatherer because, looking at the world from the tops of their trees, "they have perspective." For them, "every coconut is different." Charmed by Sundrum's life and words, the consul eagerly reads his novel, only to find it mawkish and artless, clumsy and overtly sermonizing—he also notices it was published by the local printer. He revisits Sundrum a year later. During that year the consul has learned more of Ayer Hitam's paradoxical nature: it is a small isolated spot which, in its ability to make people "change or disappear," seems an unfathomable, mysterious vastness. This time, Sundrum is arrogant and cold, bitter and deliberately deceptive. The consul cynically concludes that "every coconut is the same. It takes time to decide that your first impression, however brutal, was correct." Yet he enjoys rereading Sundrum's *The Coconut Gatherer*. Its faults have faded or turned into virtues, and "beneath the husk and fiber of his imitative lyricism so much of what he described was recognizably true to me." Theroux's stories do for the reader what time and experience do for the consul: by recounting again the changing and different points of view possessed by one man—let alone by men of different races and cultures—they lend perspective to our impressions of why Western men failed in the East. It is once again useful to learn that every coconut is not the same.

ROSA CUMARE

MEADOWS

(Continued from page 29)

tion. Imagination is the ephemeral swallow that flutters above the rusted steel girders of the Rationalist model. She'll not be caught in a net of mathematical formulae. She's too fine and too flighty to be tamed by mechanistic laws.

Shackle notes that the *General Theory* is dominated by a fascination with the implications of liquidity, implications never clearly expressed by Keynes (liquidity refers to the ease with which an asset can be converted to negotiable form, i.e., cash). Here is how Shackle draws out its Epistemic meaning:

> All asset-markets are speculative, since today's valuation of every asset depends on suppositions about tomorrow's valuation of it, in the infinite regress of expectations concerning expectations. A speculative market is subject to bipolar forces, the desire for positive gain and the desire to avoid loss. Richard Cantillon (1755) defined the activity of the businessman as the buying of goods for a known price with a view to selling them at a price which, at the moment of buying them, is unknown. Cantillon, at the beginning of the construction of economics, penetrated to the heart of things, the truth that a world which looks to tomorrow is a world bent upon exploiting uncertainty, unknowledge. It is a speculative world. When it has overreached itself in the hope of gain it will retreat precipitately upon *liquidity*, the means of avoidance of commitment.

In the *General Theory*, it is precisely the desire for liquidity, governed by hope and fear, which determines interest rates. As interest rates change, asset prices change in the opposite direction. Hence the entire theory of price is, in the Epistemic view, seriously bedeviled by its dependence, via liquidity preference, on swirling expectations. Ah, but how far we have traveled from the exquisite simplicities of Benthamite Rationalism! How formidable seems the road back!

Professor Shackle, for his *pièce de résistance*, revealed that "Keynes's book is a great enigma; it is the image of the vaster enigma of conduct, decision, and history itself. It is doubtless paradoxical to say that Keynes's book achieves its triumph by pointing out that the problems it is concerned with are essentially beyond solution."

And lo, the conclusion? It is astounding. It drips with irony. For Shackle concludes that the totality of Keynes's insight leads back to laissez-faire. Lord Keynes, shake hands with Adam Smith. If treacherous expectations rule the economy, then let the businessman choose the parameters which will form his expectations. Let him be free of government's uncertainties. That is, let the government be minimal; let it function only to keep stable those few things it can control (the money supply is one), and leave untouched those many things it cannot control.

We come, full circle, back again. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Shall I Go to Cairo?

New York, Dec. 8—Thus far, unlike Walter Cronkite, Eric Sevareid, Barbara Walters, and Jimmy Carter, I have not participated in the recent events in the Middle East. However, I am a member of a Hawaiian organization called The Pearl Harbor Committee to Keep One's Eyes on the Russian Fleet, and therefore, ex officio, I must get into the act.

All along, the Soviet role in the Mideast imbroglio has been ambiguous. When the initiative was taken by Mr. Kissinger to bring the contending parties to a Geneva conference, Moscow was brought in as co-sponsor. This was thought, to begin with, to be in the spirit of detente. But there was a certain geopolitical realism there also; nothing is truly stable in this world unless the Soviet Union agrees that it should be stable.

But the history of the Soviet Union in the Israeli-Arab conflict has been one of unremitting partisanship. It provided, virtually free of cost in the early years, tens of millions of dollars of military hardware to the anti-Israeli nations. Under Nasser, serious efforts were made to bolshevize the entire Egyptian situation. Sadat kicked out the Russians in 1972, an extremely important development in the political history of the Mideast. But in Iraq, and in Syria, the Soviet paramilitary continued hard at work to increase tensions, through asserting the wildest claims of the Arabs, proving yet again that the Soviet Union has a vested interest in chaos.

CONCERNING the meeting in Cairo called by Sadat, both the United States and Russia were caught unawares. The United States is having a very difficult time in making up its mind exactly how to fine-tune its reaction to the Cairo–Tel Aviv developments, because on the one hand we do not wish to appear to throw cold water on an initiative merely because it was not ours, and, on the other hand, because no one can say for sure whether, after the amenities are performed in Cairo, the parties may not end in shouting at one another, slamming doors, and oiling the tanks. At this moment, Sadat is on record as demanding the return of all the territory taken in the 1967 war. But who seriously believes that the Israelis are prepared to give up those parts of Jerusalem occupied after that war?

The Soviet Union, meanwhile, has the easier time of it because it can always fall back on ideological reiterations; in this case, to suggest that there is something of the bourgeois conspiracy in it all. And so when Foreign Minister Gromyko on November 29 entertained Foreign Minister Khaddam of Syria, he spoke disparagingly about the Cairo conference, remarking that it was aimed at "exploding" the proposed Geneva conference.

Gromyko then went on with a little Communist boilerplate, with an interesting improvisation. He said, "The imperialist circles of the West are depicting as a courageous step the laying of a wreath on the grave of the unknown Israeli soldier in Jerusalem. But that soldier occupied the soil of Syria, Egypt, Jordan, and Palestine. He killed Syrians, Egyptians, Jordanians, and Palestinians. It is amazing that this can be described as 'courage.'"

Well, of course, there isn't anything amazing about it at all. It is fortunate that Soviet diplomatic rhetoric is so marvelously crude, because in fact Mr. Gromyko was grievously insulting his guest of honor. To suggest that it doesn't take courage for an Israeli soldier to kill a Syrian soldier suggests that killing Syrian soldiers is like taking candy from a baby. No one denies that the Israelis are a marvelously courageous people, who in 1967 performed brilliantly on the battlefield: which is why the Israelis currently occupy the Golan Heights, the West Bank, and the Sinai peninsula. It was both courageous of the Israelis to conquer these territories (courage has nothing to do with justice), and courageous of Sadat to lay a wreath on the tomb of the soldiers that did it.

Gromyko does not want stability in the Middle East. That insight should govern the thinking of everyone who goes to Cairo, and everyone who goes to Damascus, and (*per impossibile*) everyone who goes to Tripoli. The Soviets should be expected to fan the most naturally volatile fires. At the moment, these are in Syria (the eternal flame in Libya does not count). One should expect to see Soviet encouragement of extremist reaction against any concession of any sort by Sadat. The Soviets in their demand for the return of the Old City of Jerusalem are going to sound like the holiest Muslims since Mohammed. An obligation of the Western powers is to expose the obvious motives of the superpower in the East, which, on the unusual occasion when it slumbers, dreams of controlling the Persian Gulf. □

UNDERSTANDING CHIANG CHING-KUO

Taipei, Nov. 20—Every time I interview a chief of state, I go to bed with the bitter truth that I am not C. L. Sulzberger. He has an uncanny knack for getting chiefs of state to say new things, and I swear, I do not know how he does it. Perhaps in his youth somebody taught him hypnotism.

On the other hand, I do not remember offhand a chief of state more personally impressive than the son of Chiang Kai-shek, Chiang Ching-kuo—or, as he is frequently referred to, CCK. There is in America a rather unformed impression of CCK as a dynastic opportunist with an unwholesome record somewhere along the line when the Kuomintang, or what was left of it, reached the shores of Taiwan after the great defeat by Mao in 1949. He is, in fact, a short, modest man, of huge ability, with a remarkable personal history, and as genial as his late father was aloof. On a typical weekend he will appear in some remote corner of this huge island and spend the evening in a common inn or eatery, chatting with peasants, or factory workers, or college students.

Technically, he is not the chief of state, but the premier of the cabinet; but he is the undisputed leader of Taiwan. The smirkers will say, and not without presumptive reason, that he could hardly have avoided that position as senior son of an autocratic father in a state without political liberty. In fact, a shrewd young American who has lived and taught here in the countryside and in the city, and who speaks the language fluently, informs me CCK could win any election in Taiwan going away. Those who resent him are a few of the older Mandarin class of native

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residents who believe they'd have had a larger role to play in public affairs if the island were independent. But even they realize that the choices are not between independence and CCK, but between CCK and life under the awful tyranny of the Mainland.

He wants to know (and it is not easy to answer him): "What has changed?" Why is the United States suddenly obsessed with the notion that it is time to renounce the mutual defense treaty with Taiwan, and go waltzing with the surviving gang in Peking?

Well, you say to him, let's face it, things *have* changed. The defense treaty was signed in 1954. Who would have dreamed then that, representing Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai would be toasting the health of President Richard Nixon in Peking in 1972? CCK answers: In Chungking in 1945, Mao Tse-tung toasted the health of my late father.

Surely—you say—Taiwan has to acknowledge that the de facto control of the Mainland by the Communists is established, and one has to make one's strategic determinations on that assumption?

CCK replies in two parts: As to the stability of the Mainland, nothing is further from the truth. How can Americans say that a government is stabilized which has gone through the convulsions experienced in Peking during recent years? Liu Shao-ch'i, designated successor to Mao Tse-tung. Suddenly he is purged. Lin Piao, whose name was actually written into the Chinese constitution as successor to Mao —purged. The Gang of Four, solidly in charge of China just a year and a half ago —purged. Teng Hsiao-ping, the current strong man in China. First he was a good man, then he was a bad man, then he was a capitalist-roader, now he is a good man. Is that political stability?

As to U.S. strategic planning, does it make sense to attempt to endear oneself to the Communist Chinese, when it is plain what force they represent in the world? And what would be the image of the United States in Asia, if, notwithstanding our assurances over the years, we should move to abrogate a defense treaty which is of such manifest mutual benefit?

It is difficult for Americans to understand that the government of the Republic of China, seated in Taipei, considers itself the legitimate government of the whole of China as doggedly as Charles de Gaulle considered his government, forlorn in London, the legitimate government of occupied France. Surveying the life of 17 million Chinese in Taiwan—one of the great success stories of the postwar world, social security and economic plenty beyond the dreams of Mainland China—CCK insists that the clear differences between the lives of the two separated peoples will one day, inevitably, stir the Mainland to overthrow its oppressors.

Meanwhile, what are the arguments for the United States' overthrowing Taiwan? What is our compulsion to gain the favor of a professor at Harvard, or a consultant at the Brookings Institution? CCK doesn't understand, or at least pretends not to. □

EVEN LITTLE GULLS DO IT

Honolulu, Nov. 22—In a recent period spent mostly aboard airplanes, my wife, at the end of a long leg of the trip, threw down a book and said, "*That* is the worst *and* the most disgusting book I've ever read." That was a challenge, so I picked it up and, a day or so later, arrived at pretty much the identical conclusion. The book in question is the latest by Harold Robbins, who is an American industry specializing in sex & power books.

The minor difference between the incumbent Robbins and the one I had read a decade ago is that scant attention is given to a plausible plot. The major difference is that a third of the sex scenes are explicitly homosexual.

Robbins is one thing, John Cheever is something quite other. Cheever is the marvelously gifted writer who made his reputation by chronicling the decline of the aristocratic Wapshot family of Massachusetts over the course of two books in which is recorded with splendid imagination the attrition of gentility by creeping poverty, sexual promiscuity, booze, and a social tempo at odds with traditional concepts of life and leisure. The latest Cheever novel, *Falconer*, continues on the general theme of social and personal disintegration, but it ups the ante, so that we have degradation rather than mere disintegration; and a number of the metaphors used, and the descriptive tissue of the book, are—quite suddenly, for Cheever—homosexual. What's going on?

That was Saturday I read *Falconer*.

On Sunday I read the account of the tergiversation of Betty Friedan at Houston. It came, appropriately enough from every point of view, with tears in her eyes. You see, Betty Friedan was really the founder of the modern feminist movement in the United States, and a couple of years ago she dug in her heels. No lesbian stuff for her, she said. This greatly outraged the left wing of the feminist movement, which considers lesbianism the highest form of emancipation from male sexism, or however you want to put it.

Betty Friedan had said all along that there was nothing whatever in the women's movement that argued against the cohesiveness of the family unit. But she was beginning to lose her popularity, and last weekend, in Houston, she capitulated. In an emotional statement, she said to her sisters that, really, she had been wrong. Woman must be free to love woman instead of man. The ineluctable laws of nature require us to conclude that there is nothing then left of the family to *be* cohesive. Although perhaps Bishop Moore of New York will, while he is at it, go beyond the redefinition of marriage to redefine a family as consisting of two girls. Or, of course, two boys.

It was a rough week, and then on Wednesday, the headline in the *New York Times*: "Extensive Homosexuality/ Is Found Among Seagulls/ Off Coast of California." One would like to think that the Seagulls/ Off New England would not engage in such a thing, but resignation is in the saddle, and one must suppose that It goes on everywhere.

Now it is one thing to shrink from the excesses of Anita Bryant, who, it is rumored, is toying with the idea of making homosexuality illegal. While she is at it, she might go on and make lust illegal. But it is alarming when a Harold Robbins, for reasons purely commercial, and a John Cheever, for reasons poetic, find that homosexuality has wide appeal.

Such homosexuality as went into the popular play, *The Boys in the Band*, was intended to amuse (I say intended, because even some of us who are not Victorians did not find it amusing). But it was not designed to arouse. And clearly the passages in the Robbins book *are* designed to arouse. In that sense, Robbins' experiment is more significant than Cheever's. Because Cheever is a serious man, and it must be presumed that he intends to probe something or other when he goes on about homosexuality in a prison. Robbins has done one of two things. Either he has discovered that the gay readership is now large enough to make it lucrative explicitly to pander to it; or else he is experimenting with the notion that male homosexual sex is erotic for the woman reader. Or—most extraordinary—he is probing the notion that homosexual sex in general is arousing to the heterosexual.

This last thesis one can only suppose Mr. Robbins will find wrong. There is something perversely interesting in perversion. The most normal people in the world will have read one or perhaps two books by de Sade. But for magazine-rack reading, the thought that current novels with their OSS ("obligatory sex scene"—V. Nabokov, 1975) will have to go on to obligatory gay sex scenes, to appease the movement, makes one think, suddenly, lustful thoughts about Anita Bryant. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

A. Name of two queens of Naples (English form) — 19 89 204 73 130 212

B. Butter made in India — 31 113 185 104

C. Got up, _____, went to bed (entry in Mark Twain's diary) — 65 75 8 139 114 128

D. Sanctification — 88 9 33 197 105 159 207 213

E. A corner by the fire — 120 133 4 67 172 178 107 155 77

F. What a freak may be — 157 137 190 202 108 98 106 209 134

G. An intermittent radiance — 173 191 82 138 118 68 100

H. A flood — 80 3 195 30 58 38 5 124 20 215

I. A token of what is to come — 7 17 49 57 95 1 22

J. Indian princes — 205 160 78 140 174 34

K. The sum total — 210 11 53 15 175 121 199 69 184

L. A utensil in which a beverage is brewed — 186 12 60 45 97 203 153 54 18

M. To emphasize — 23 85 144 122 47 129 161 187 26

N. A longshoreman — 76 62 91 141 25 56 208 214 145 192

O. Rails — 2 10 99 16 41 46 74 92

P. A humorous anecdote involving a talking animal — 102 6 24 37 43 50 55 59 61 111 123 152 165 21

Q. Palpitating — 112 27 90 193 35 142 148 83 131

R. I understand that a pretty girl will stand under this at Christmas — 71 166 176 93 181 28 211 48 36

S. POLAR FOIL — 116 183 109 170 189 13 63 70 200

T. English poet (1714-1763) — 125 94 143 86 40 51 79 101 150

U. What the well-dressed man uses — 198 110 156 188 201 66 42 171 149

V. One who talks too much on television sports programs — 132 81 119 44 177 146 87 126 117

W. What the Communist movement is — 147 154 64 96 162 29 115 168 135

X. Town in Virginia — 194 72 127 136 163 167 179 182

Y. Slightly glossy — 216 14 84 196 151 32 169 180

Z. He lost his vineyard — 39 164 103 52 206 158

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 46 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 I	2 O	3 H	4 E		5 H	6 P	7 I		8 C	9 D	10 O	11 K		12 L	13 S	
14 Y	15 K	16 O	17 I	18 L		19 A	20 H	21 P		22 I	23 M	24 P	25 N		26 M	27 Q	28 R		29 W
30 H	31 B	32 Y	33 D	34 J		35 Q	36 R	37 P	38 H	39 Z		40 T	41 O	42 U	43 P		44 V	45 L	
46 O	47 M	48 R	49 I	50 P		51 T	52 Z		53 K	54 L	55 P		56 N	57 I	58 H		59 P	60 L	
61 P	62 N	63 S	64 W		65 C	66 U	67 E	68 G		69 K	70 S		71 R	72 X	73 A		74 O	75 C	76 N
77 E		78 J	79 T	80 H	81 V	82 G	83 Q	84 Y		85 M	86 T		87 V	88 D	89 A	90 Q	91 N	92 O	
93 R	94 T	95 I		96 W	97 L	98 F	99 O	100G	101T	102P		103Z	104B	105D	106F		107E	108F	109S
	110U	111P		112Q	113B	114C		115W	116S	117V	118G		119V	120E	121K	122M	123P		124H
125T		126V	127X	128C	129M	130A	131Q		132V	133E	134F		135W	136X	137F	138G		139C	140J
141N		142Q	143T	144M	145N	146V		147W	148Q	149U	150T		151Y	152P	153L	154W		155E	156U
	157F	158Z	159D		160J	161M	162W	163X		164Z	165P	166R	167X	168W		169Y	170S	171U	172E
	173G	174J	175K		176R	177V	178E		179X	180Y	181R		182X	183S	184K	185B	186L	187M	
188U	189S	190F	191G		192N	193Q		194X	195H	196Y	197D	198U		199K	200S	201U		202F	203L
204A	205J	206Z	207D		208N	209F	210K	211R		212A	213D		214N	215H	216Y				

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You enjoy Milliken carpeting at home. Why not enjoy it in your office, too?

Patients. Clients. Customers. They have one thing in common. They all want to be reassured. And the understated elegance of Milliken business carpeting like this can do a lot to inspire confidence. And to make your office life more beautiful, too.

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And when you choose business carpeting by Milliken, you get more than the look of luxury. You get down-to-earth practicality, too, at a price you can afford.

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